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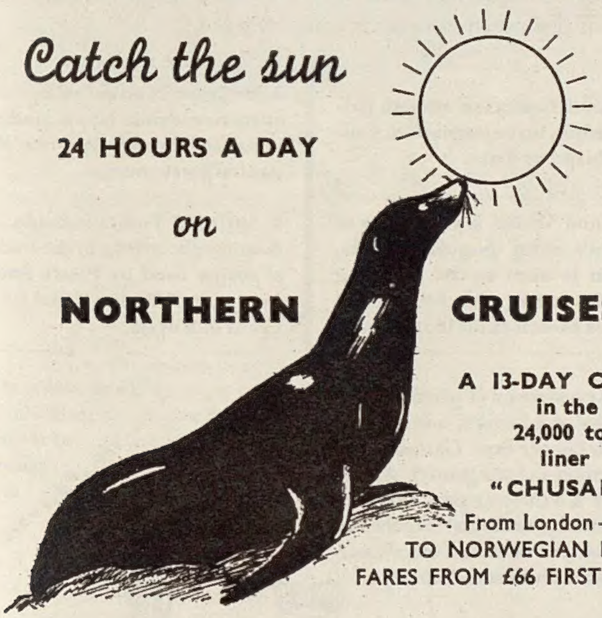

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The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

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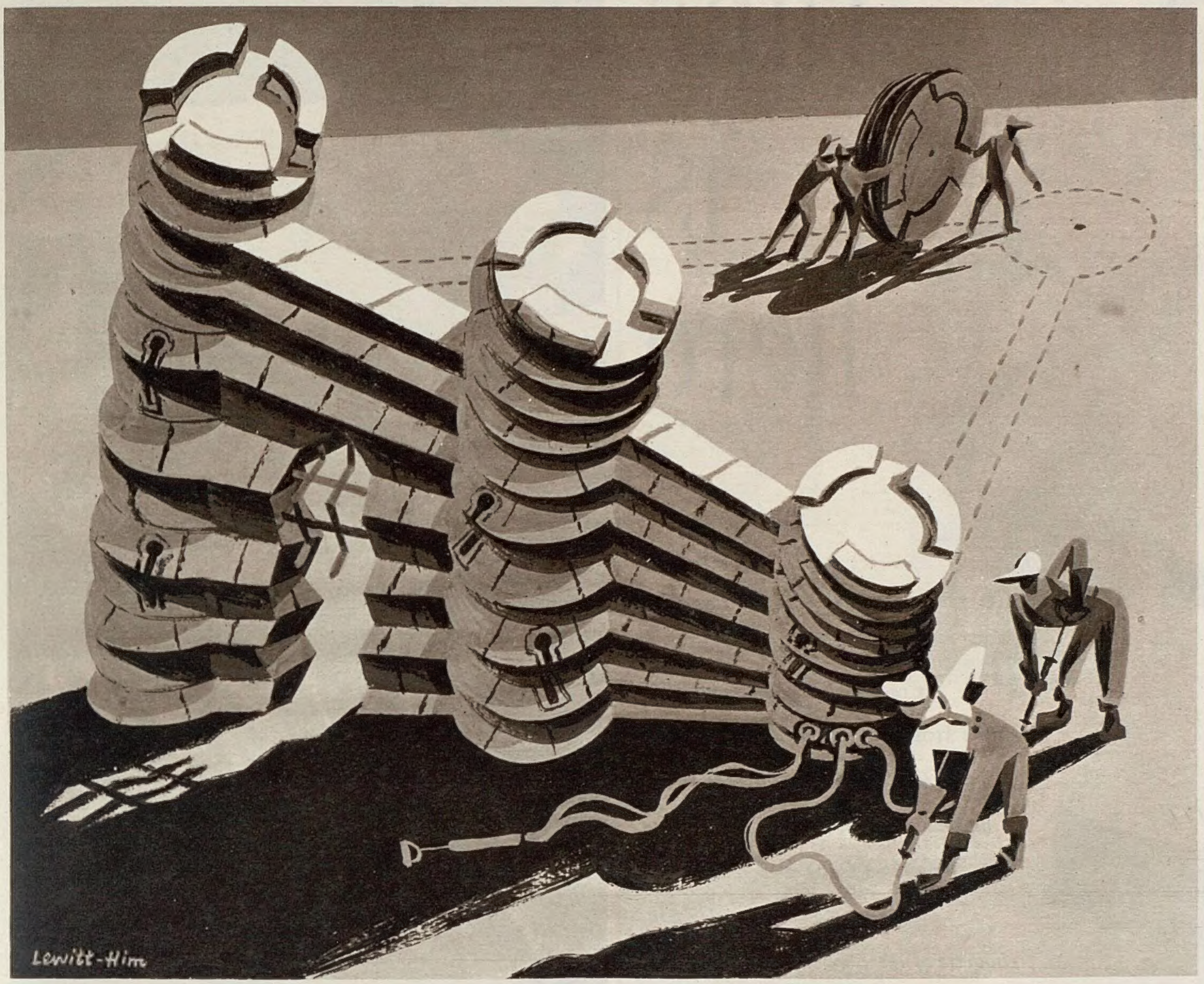

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It has been well said (Bricey: *Yarns of an Old Economist)* that exports are not exportable unless they are portable. It will not surprise many to learn that Schweppshire provides its own typically individual answer to this typical problem.

ENGLISH HERITAGE CO., LTD., (write Room D, 619 Beltane Road) gives this message from the Old World to the New. In former days the need was met by taking to pieces very old Suffolk barns and putting them together again in exact replica, with the rats' nests pasteurised, somewhere in the U.S.A., often Florida.

Occasionally, extremely ruined castles were treated in the same way. The picture shows, we hope, an advance. Rather small, light, pneumatic thirteenth century castles are put up in England and immediately taken down again. Deflated, they are shipped in slim wrappers across the Atlantic to, say, Baltimore. Here they can be pumped up and filled, for authenticity, with genuine English air which has been flown over in canisters similar to those we employ for delivering Genuine Club Atmosphere to West 44th Street.

Dummy Countesses, family ghosts (see inset), splendid old butlers and trustworthy old gardeners in a range of six colours, can be supplied as extras. AND DO NOT FORGET our Daisies Pied made of specially treated indiarubber with genuine Warwickshire soil at the roots and packed by our subsidiary Little Hedgerow Flower Co.: AND our genuine Sussex thatch suitable for telephone booths or very low skyscrapers: or our Easy-to-Pack White Cliffs of Dover in sections made of Plastic Nuchork — can be cleaned with the wipe of a cloth.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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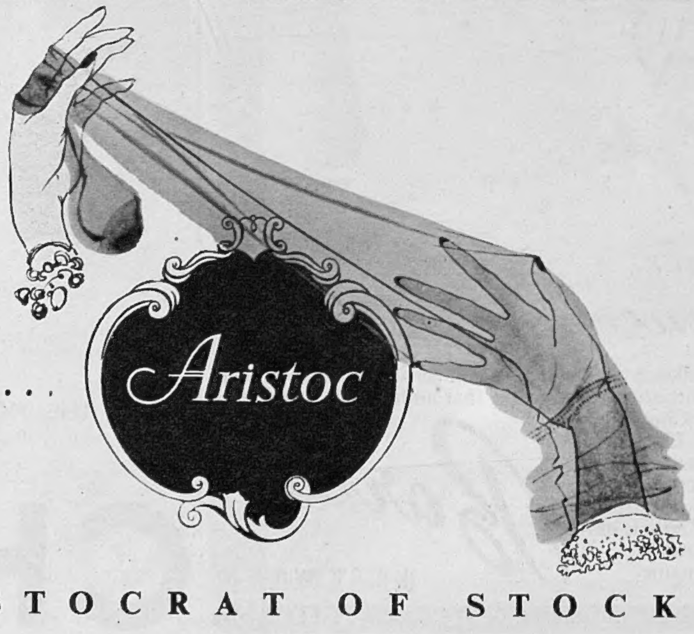
And *she*
of course
will be wearing . . .



THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

The Sketch

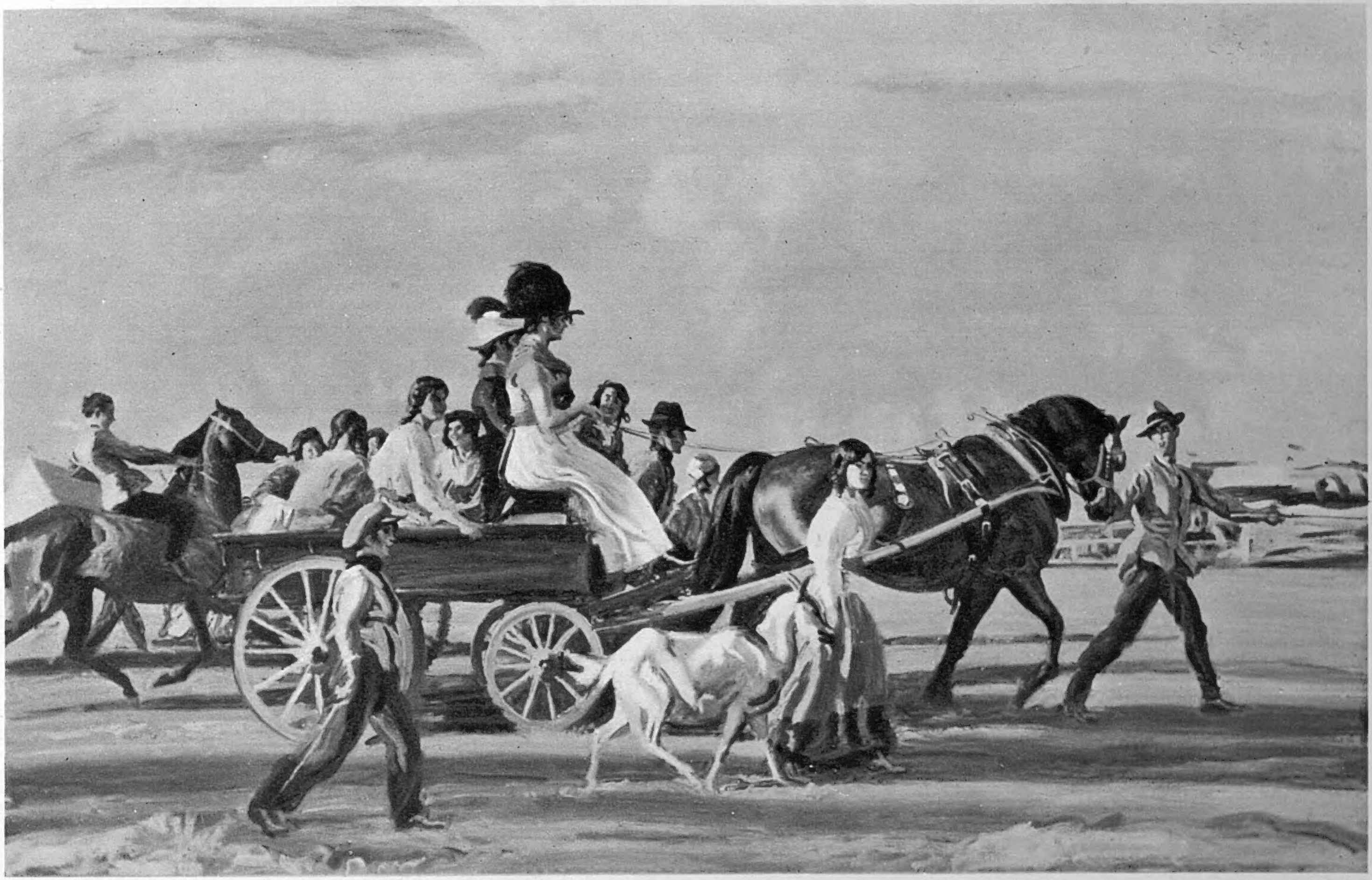
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1954.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

Photographed by Eric Coop.

MRS. TUFTON BEAMISH

The very attractive American-born wife of Major Tufton Beamish, M.C., M.P. for Lewes since 1945, has recently nursed her husband back to health after a long and serious illness which was the cause of his resigning from the Council of Europe Committee, of which he was the first British Chairman. Now he is happily back " in harness " at Westminster, and again taking an active interest in the Sussex Territorial Artillery Regiment, of which he is Honorary Colonel. Mrs. Beamish, whose parents were both born in Scotland, loves her adopted country and the delightful home in Chelsea which she shares with her husband and little daughter, Claudia, who will be two years old in August. Mrs. Beamish was well known in the fashion world before her marriage in 1950.



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ARRIVING AT EPSOM : A SCENE OF THE PAST. One of several fine paintings by Sir Alfred J. Munnings, K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A., in the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The movement and excitement of the occasion are deftly conveyed, and, in the original, the colours are as gay as the subject.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

THE wonders (*sic*) of air transport carried me recently from a London sweltering in early summer heat and a muggy temperature in the 80's to a Finland with bare winter trees and occasional snow flurries. My host was indefatigable. As I had only forty-eight hours, he was determined that, in addition to the work I had come to do, I should see everything. Accordingly, we saw all the sights.

The Finns are proud of the fact that they have succeeded in paying off their reparations to the Russians—the sad aftermath of their forty-third war against them—and proud of the progress they have made since. They are right to be. I am not sure, however, whether I wish to see another hospital, another sanatorium. When you have seen one—beautifully clean, extremely modern—you have seen the other hundred or so. And I am not sure that it would occur to me at dusk at the end of a tiring day to spend three-quarters of an hour in a biting snowy wind taking a foreign visitor round the Brompton Cemetery. The Helsinki cemetery is magnificent, but I was by then —after visiting the Soviet frontier (some menacing notices, a bridge with a sentry at the other end, and behind it brooding forest and shoreline), the Olympic Stadium *and* those hospitals—quite prepared to take it as read.

However, my friend Willy was kindness itself, and I am indeed grateful to him for introducing me to the *sauna* or Finnish bath. I must confess that I approached the whole thing with apprehension. After a time one gets used to being boiled or roasted in turn. Even the part I was most alarmed about, the plunge into the sea (for I only like bathing in the Mediterranean, preferably when a light steam is rising from the water), proved most enjoyable. We emerged from the hottest room, sauntered down to the sea in the altogether (a party of young ladies in a boat offshore displayed no concern at the spectacle), and leapt lightly into the Baltic. The water temperature was, I am told, 6 degs. Fahr. above freezing, but it did not feel at all cold. I did not—as it was beginning to snow again—emulate some of the tougher characters who were sitting at their ease in deckchairs on the grass. I wasn't even greatly disturbed by being lathered, loofahed and pounded by a member of the opposite sex—for the first time since childhood. Willy got a quite attractive blonde, but my lady was obviously a female all-in wrestler in her spare time.

When it was all over, I must confess I 've never felt better in my life. I understand that there are three *saunas* in England—one in London, one in Birmingham, one in Hull. When the skin on the back of my neck and shoulders, which the good lady loofahed off, finally heals, I shall look for it. I don't quite see how one is going to do the jumping into the sea part. The Metropolitan Police are a tolerant set of characters, but I can see constabulary eyebrows being raised at the sight of a bright pink and " starkers " O'Brien picking his way over the broken bottles of the Thames foreshore. . . .

I think it is unlikely that I shall go to Helsinki again for many years. It makes it all the more exasperating that our new Minister, Michael Creswell, who is one of my oldest friends, was to arrive there a few days after I left. As he had motored back from his last post in Cairo, I was only able to see him for a quarter of an hour in London the day I left—which is not long in which to do a couple of years' talking. I felt I ought to warn John May, the Chargé d'Affaires, and his future staff, that something exciting is almost bound to happen. Michael attracts excitement. He was in Berlin

during the critical years 1935 to 1939, Spain during the first part of the war (where he organised the Underground Railway for our escapers), Greece during the post-war troubles, Teheran during the worst phase of the Soviet threat to Persia, Singapore during the worst of the Malayan emergency, and Cairo during the last three years. Yes. Finland may be an unexciting country—at the moment.

WE were discussing the other night the pernicious habit of smoking between courses at meals. It does not matter so much in the United States—the country of its origin—as the system there of drinking cocktails of a strength to lift the top off your head prepares one for such strange drinks with the meal as milk, coffee, and even tea. It must, however, prove an insult to decent cooking and to wine of any pretensions to respectability. I always like the story of Lord Lonsdale and the Very Important Royal Personage in whose honour he was giving a magnificent dinner of many courses. There were some twenty other guests. The V.I.R.P. lit a cigarette immediately after the soup. With a faint sigh Lord Lonsdale turned to the butler and said : " Serve the coffee." It was a pleasing gesture, but rather hard on the other guests, who must have been distinctly hungry !

I SUPPOSE one of the greatest experts on wine, particularly the wines of France, and on good cooking, was J. F. Roxburgh, the former headmaster of Stowe. Certainly the foundations of the little I know about those subjects were the result of his expert tutelage during my schooldays and after. I was privileged to dine with him on different occasions at that trinity of great Parisian restaurants—now, alas ! all gone—Voisin, Paillard and Foyot. At Paillard I tasted my first Château Yquem, and the *Caneton Sauvage à la Presse*; and the Romanée 1906 which two undergraduates—one from Oxford, the other from Cambridge—enjoyed at Voisin will always linger in our affectionate memory of J.F.

I suppose one of the reasons why Roxburgh was probably the greatest headmaster of the century was that he was so unlike a schoolmaster. He looked like an advertisement of the well-dressed Englishman—if his fellow-Scots will save the mark —and everything he did (and he touched life at so many points), he did well. He was a great classical scholar, a bibliophile, a collector of fine glass, china, silver and furniture. He could well have qualified as an architect. He was a passable shot—though one Old Stoic has an amusing story to tell of J. F.'s unsuccessful stalk. He was an excellent photographer. He had travelled widely, and, if you were lucky enough to travel with him, you would not soon forget the grace with which he wore his mantle of erudition in the fields of history, art and architecture. His French was perfect. I suppose it has never happened before or since that a Briton has passed his Licentiat ès Lettres at the Sorbonne and been top in the French—repeat *French*—essay. He used to tell the story against himself that when the results were announced his large round hand, so familiar to generations of Stoics, misled the examiner into announcing the success of " Mademoiselle Ros-bur ! " I suppose, however, that what all Stoics—indeed, anyone who came in contact with him—will remember most about him was his charm, and *that* they will never be able to communicate to their children.

IT is an odd thing ; in fifty years' time no very old man who knew him well will be able to communicate exactly what it was that made Sir Winston Churchill's ordinary conversation—as opposed to his public speeches—so fascinating. What was it that made Charles James Fox—who on his record would seem to have been a perverse and always wrong-headed politician, a drunkard notable even in that great age of chronic alcoholics, a gambler, a man of few principles in public or private life—so beloved even by his political opponents in a period of political passions of a bitterness such as we milk-and-water moderns can hardly even guess at ? No one will ever know.

I think if the scientists would do something useful for a change and invent a time machine, I should like, as my first few excursions into the past, to start by sitting between Charles James Fox and Sidney Smith at dinner at Holland House, to have heard Dr. Johnson in his most bearish mood taking it out of Boswell, and to have been beside the Duke of Wellington throughout the Battle of Waterloo—one assumes, of course, the scientists could give you some guarantee of immunity : I doubt if I could remark calmly with Lord Uxbridge : " By God, sir, I 've lost my leg," or be patient with the Duke's reply : " By God, sir. So you have."

THE immense improvement in the telephone system during the past couple of years is still a little patchy. For example, the other evening I tried to ring up my home from a club, and got the engaged signal. Three minutes later I got it again, and again a few minutes after that. Then the hall porter tried, with the same result. I then asked him to dial " O " and find out whether the number was " engaged speaking," suspecting (rightly as it turned out) that one of the undisciplined junior members of my household had left the receiver off one of the instruments in the house. After twenty-five minutes he got the same reply : " Yes, they are engaged speaking." I then dialled " O " myself, and asked the operator : " Are you sure they are still engaged speaking after half-an-hour ? " Whereupon he came back and said : " No. The line is out of order." I said to him : " Why the sanguinary Hades did you not tell me that thirty minutes ago ? " The gentleman was much incensed. " You cannot swear at me," he said. " I shall have to report this." I suggested to him that possibly during the war in the Services he had heard language to which this was mild in comparison. "Ah," he replied, " but I am a Civil Servant now." Said I : " Oh, you are, are you, my saucy fellow. In that case, remember that I pay your salary, and that you are a servant, and I would thank you to be civil. Give me the supervisor." (Collapse of stout operator.)

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

As Tanya found to her dismay
The Cine-Stars they want to-day,
For whom the fans are really keen
Must fill *the new wide-angle screen !*

I CLING with a certain amount of pleasure to two new club stories (I recount them with a certain amount of diffidence, as my spies tell me that when I recently pulled the legs of the members of the Carlton Club, some of the older inhabitants resented such trifling with sacred subjects, and the phrase, " This feller Toby O'Brien," was frequently used in tones which lacked affection).

The first concerns an occasion when the Athenæum was giving exchange hospitality to the " Rag "—which I have always found to be a mostly kindly collection of retired warriors and mariners. Said a bishop to an eminent retired Civil Servant : " Hear those fellows from across the way are coming here next week." The other sighed and said : " Yes—a pity—those brutal, *brutal* faces."

The other concerns the time when the Guards Club were still in Brook Street, and were given hospitality by their neighbour up that street, the Savile—a club which, while not as Bohemian as the Savage, nevertheless tends to be a bit B.B.C., British Council and " booksy." One young Guards officer was discussing their former hosts with a friend. " Delightful people, quite delightful," he said. " But tell me. Why do they make their own trousers ? "

Talking of returning hospitality, I like the story of the Rifle Brigade, who gave hospitality to the Hampshire Regt. when their mess was bombed. A grateful Hampshire Regt. gave a fine piece of plate to the Rifle Brigade mess. Some time after the war, one retired rifleman on a guest night asked another about the new piece of plate, and was told its history. " Oh," he said. Then, after a long pause : " Wonder what they 'd have given us if we 'd spoken to them ? "

This enamel portrait of George IV., in uniform and a high stock, by Henry Bone (1755-1834), was given to Queen Mary in 1908 by King George V. when Prince of Wales.

One of the most photogenic items in the Exhibition is a Buddha by C. Fabergé. It is of rose quartz with a jewelled chalcedony head; the hands can be set in motion.

This gold-enamelled seal, topped with a spaniel, dates from 1840.

Queen Mary's Treasures

Her late Majesty Queen Mary was a regular visitor to the Victoria and Albert Museum, and it is fitting that an exhibition of the treasures among which she passed the last years of her life at Marlborough House should be shown there. The Exhibition opened on her birthday, May 26th, and it will remain open all this year. It includes furniture and *objèts d'arts* that were presented to her, or that she bought, as well as a number of dresses and photographic portraits. One group of chairs (in Bay 5) has seats and backs worked by Queen Mary herself. The porcelain includes examples from the Lady Ludlow collection.

The whole Exhibition has been placed on view by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen. Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal has given the Museum the benefit of her advice.

A German porcelain scent-bottle of the mid-eighteenth century.

A painted enamel box from South Staffordshire which was made about 1770, when picturesque ruins and "Follies" were at their most fashionable.

This porcelain bowl is painted with views of Chiswick Reach and (on the other side) a harvesting scene. Chelsea or Chelsea Derby, it dates from about 1765.

Part of Bay I in the Exhibition of Queen Mary's Art Treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The tapestry of the Maypole Dance is by Peter van den Heck, of Brussels; the sideboard is attributed to W. Vile; the candelabra and tea urn are by Mathew Boulton, of Birmingham. All these, with the two blue vases, date from the eighteenth century.

Our Bookshelf

THEY CAME WITH THE CONQUEROR. By L. G. Pine. *(Evans ; 21s.)*

DEATH IN A DARK POOL. By Helen and Louwrens Van Rensburg. *(Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.)*

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE POETRY. By Lewis Carroll. *(Geoffrey Bles, Ltd. 6s.)*

THIRTY STORIES. By Elizabeth Myers. *(Macdonald ; 12s. 6d.)*

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

IS there any difference between debunking and simply Correcting-Misapprehension-by-Telling-the-Truth ? I think so ; debunking takes a mischievous pleasure in exposure for its own sake ; but Mr. Pine's chronicle of the Normans in England, *They Came With the Conqueror,* is less a delighted unmasking of illegitimate claims to an ancient pedigree than a loyal adherence to facts which are the product of steady research ; having been for many years the editor of Burke's *Peerage* and *Landed Gentry,* the author obviously knows his onions, and rather than attempt an argument with him on his own particular subject, the debunkees would do better to throw away the book, fling themselves face downwards and cry their eyes out.

Undoubtedly this is a fascinating record, with names provocative to the imagination glowing from the page wherever we choose to open it ; and heroic splendour interspersed with nice, homely little anecdotes so blandly told that only afterwards do we realise that a legend twined about with luscious fancy has been for ever laid waste. Apart from the excellent photographs, there are also little *dégagé* woodcuts with knights and archers, stags and castles disporting themselves in stiff heraldic style, and the cover might have been appropriately reproduced from a piece of Bayeux tapestry. An all-round achievement for warm congratulation, with a request for more.

HELEN and Louwrens Van Rensburg, on the other hand, really do revel in debunking as a merry indoor pastime, and have a distinct gift for it, coupled with a delusion (from my point of view, regrettable) that it would improve and strengthen their story if they were to interrupt a masterly delineation of Rastus, the young heroine's "faithful doggie," by a fairly orthodox murder. Probably *they* intended this to be a crime novel about a dark pool with death in it, whereas *I* think it a sardonic and highly successful study of the most hypocritical hound who ever got well away with the devotion act.

Let us hope that this Van Rensburg collaboration will continue to provide a treat for those who prefer to relax and read for pure recreation rather than plough a heavy intellectual furrow. Their dialogue is succinct and witty, and their sense of character naturally did not stop short at Rastus. Furthermore, the last chapter is truly dramatic, but it is hard to praise it with sufficient ambiguity as to keep its secret ; so to be on the safe side, we had better return to the "smelly old scrounger," whose owner at the start of the book had been the only person wise to him, but at the end—

Jonathan and I treat the decrepit old blackmailer with the respect due to his senility and nothing more.

IT is something of a shock, on picking up a "slim volume of verse," prepared to extend a kindly welcome to a promising newcomer, to be confronted with the name of Lewis Carroll. Our dreamlike sensation, however, is dispersed by an introduction which tells us that the poems were composed in 1845, when the author was thirteen ; illustrated by his own drawings, which are strongly reminiscent of the dashing, go-at-it, who-cares-for-perspective technique of G. K. Chesterton, himself an artist and one of our great Kings of Nonsense, with Belloc and Edward Lear to make up the four in a pack.

Apparently the manuscript of *Useful and Instructive Poetry,* "very clumsily bound up," was recently sold at Sotheby's for £220. Was it worth while to publish it now ? Indeed, yes. For young Dodgson was to remain astonishingly consistent in his style and outlook, and we enjoy happening upon a signpost to show us which road he was to take, now that we know so proudly which road he has taken. Besides, the verses are enjoyable in their own right, with *Charity* and *A Visitor* perhaps the most evocative of the collection : Sir Pokurranshuvvle, not a ghost but clearly a meek *revenant* from the Land of Jabberwocky, as totally irrelevant, as absurdly inexplicable, might easily have knocked at the door and walked into the room from any later work of Lewis Carroll.

Characteristically Carrollean, again, are the calm understatements appended as a moral to each poem. Such as :

Off to the cook he quickly ran
"Dear cook, pray lend a frying-pan
To me, as quickly as you can . . ."

and the moral : "*Never stew your sister.*"

ELIZABETH MYERS, as you will probably remember, wrote *A Well Full of Leaves* and two other full-length novels. Here is a posthumous volume of her short stories, with a profoundly interesting foreword by her husband, Littleton Powys, who quotes a letter she wrote to her first headmistress, in which she in turn quoted Flaubert's fundamental rule for the telling of tales : "*There is a certain unknown quantity in the smallest thing. Find it.*"

To those who have cared for her work and still care for it, this letter may be read even more eagerly than the stories themselves ; for Elizabeth Myers is confiding in us professionally ; not preaching nor admonishing nor pompously holding forth, but glad to share a wisdom that was part instinct, partly the bruised fruit of experience : "*A story should strike a reader on the heart, like a blow from a stick . . .*" but this does not mean that all of them are cruelly tragic : some have a sort of dancing, mocking gaiety, especially in the twist at the end ; the gaiety of a child who cocks a snook at despair and scampers away. *The Soul of an Advertisement ; Kids ; The Dead and the Circus*—these, for instance, little masterpieces in miniature, depend not exactly on plot, but on selection and the often incongruous impact of what we are with what may suddenly happen to us. Stevenson, de Maupassant, Kipling, Wells, Maugham—their stories were decidedly none the worse for action : nevertheless, a significant trio of our women writers, Katherine Mansfield, Frances Towers and Elizabeth Myers (who all died young) seceded from the Plot School to become disciples of Tchekhov. Frances Towers was not actually young : perhaps "untimely" is the right word by which to mourn their fugitive careers.

Elizabeth Myers, with her courteous acceptance of harsh reality, refuses, however, to keep our noses grimly to the grindstone all the while. Suddenly, as in *The Donkey and the Stairs,* we find ourselves almost sobbing with sheer relief at the glory of its happy ending. She showed, besides, a feeling for other-world affinity, a delicate relish, may one say, for being well and truly haunted, convincing us that "*a lot goes on between the root down in the earth and the highest twig that shines in the sunlight.*"

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

K for Kidnap

(Infant siesta)

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

BRING ON THE GIRLS.
By P. G. Wodehouse and Guy Bolton. *(Herbert Jenkins ; 16s.)*

A POINT OF BALANCE.
By Barbara Collard. *(Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 11s. 6d.)*

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST.
By Conrad Richter. *(Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.)*

FAR, FAR FROM HOME.
By Ruth McKenney. *(Hart-Davis ; 9s. 6d.)*

THE DERBY STAKES.
By Vincent Orchard. *(Hutchinson ; 21s.)*

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

THE BROOKS OFF-STAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brook both come of Russian stock and they share a taste for music: the piano is an important furnishing of their Kensington home. Since leaving Oxford, he has been responsible for a number of distinguished and sometimes controversial productions; his Covent Garden and Stratford seasons will be long remembered, but for different reasons, and his film, *The Beggar's Opera*, made a fresh and exciting use of colour and movement. Mrs. Brook is, in public life, Natasha Parry, who may be seen on the stage in *Charley's Aunt* at the Strand Theatre, on the screen in *Knave of Hearts* at the Ritz Cinema. His production of *The Dark is Light Enough* at the Aldwych Theatre (happily next door to the Strand) has been praised, and a further production (of Arthur Macrae's new comedy, *Both Ends Meet*) will open at the Apollo Theatre on June 9th. After that, when Mrs. Brook is free, they plan a long holiday.

Joss's Indian

LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT—PUNJABI GIRLS IN OLD DELHI.

THESE delightful sketches are from the very interesting exhibition of the work of "Joss," which opens at the Leger Galleries, Bond Street, to-day (June 2nd) for a fortnight. Joss, who was born in Vienna and has lived in England for twenty-one years, had made quite a name for himself with his portrait caricatures before the war found him serving as a gunner and turning out the arresting little pocket cartoons which have now made him famous as the *Star*'s cartoonist. But cartooning alone can be very limiting, so every time Joss finds himself with some spare time he speeds off on a sketching trip—to Brazil, North Africa, Finland, and a score or more of other countries. This time, he chose India and Pakistan, and, to find his subjects, he went on a prolonged tour through Delhi, Agra, Jaipur, Bombay, and many lesser-known towns and villages,

THE WRESTLERS' "GURU."

FISHING-BOATS AT THE END OF THE MONSOON.

BRIGHT YOUNG THING.

CARRYING THE SACRED WATER.

THE MAHARANI.

Sketch Book

travelling by air, by sailing-boat, and even by bullock-cart, and staying with Indian friends throughout the country. His equipment takes very little room—a sketch block, a few tubes of paint in one pocket and a brush or two in another : often he will draw with his fountain-pen, producing any necessary half-tones by squirting a little ink on to his finger and "smearing." He has sketched Mahratta fishermen in Bombay, Hindu holy men at the sacred bathing-places, Rajput dancers in Jaipur, Punjabi entertainers and Sikh wrestlers in old Delhi, Moslem villagers at Fatehpur-Sikri, Sindi girls at the native jetty in Karachi, and camels in its streets, water-buffaloes refreshing themselves in the Ganges —and State elephants "off ceremonial duty" carrying hay. And in these swift impressions, he seems to us to have captured well the atmosphere of a country and its people.

CLASSICAL CONCERT—BENGALI ARTISTS ENTERTAINING STUDENTS.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE.

RAJPUT DANCER.

SHOPPING.

ELEPHANTS CARRYING HAY IN JAIPUR CITY.

CAMELS IN KARACHI.

1. Mike's Night Club on the South Side of Chicago. Mike (Arthur Lowe) is only partly convinced of the qualifications of Joey (Dick France) to act as his M.C., but agrees to hire him.

2. *You Mustn't Kick It Around:* "It" is a guy's heart. Joey rehearses with the *corps de ballet* (you should excuse the expression) for the evening's performance. Gladys Bumps (Jean Brampton), a hard-boiled, pop-eyed, red-head, leads the chorus line.

5. To Mike's Place near dawn comes Mrs. Simpson with a drunken escort. Brushing off his "line," she picks Joey up and takes him away with her.

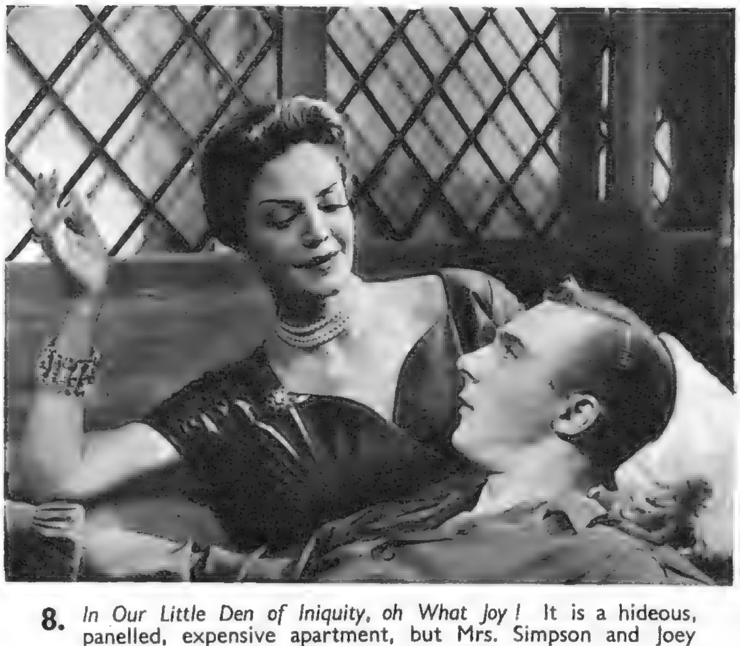
"Sketch" Photo-Call

"Pal Joey"

JOHN O'HARA'S *New Yorker* pieces of the 'thirties were turned into an unsentimental, sophisticated musical, with songs by Rodgers and Hart. It was revived in New York in 1952, to run for two years, and Jack Hylton has brought it to the Princes Theatre. Because of O'Hara's compact and adult dialogue, and because it was the last of the Rodgers and Hart musicals, it has a connoisseur's interest as well as being a fast, funny and (above all) honest piece of entertainment.

Joey is a night-club entertainer and a gigolo. He lies and drifts and swaggers his way from one easy conquest to another, destroying each temporary paradise by selfishness and stupidity. Harold Lang, who played the part in New York and created it anew in London until ill-health and fatigue forced him to leave the cast, gave a performance of such honesty that some critics were shocked by it. He has been replaced by Dick France, who, swapping a little integrity for sympathy, gives what may be a more popular performance. Hit of the show so far in London has been Carol Bruce as a smoky, over-sexed, middle-aged lady, whose singing of *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered* runs invariably to two encores. In spite of some unfortunate re-writing and a few implacably English performances in minor parts, *Pal Joey* is a musical to see and to remember, and may become one of the classics of the *genre*.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.



8. *In Our Little Den of Iniquity, oh What Joy!* It is a hideous, panelled, expensive apartment, but Mrs. Simpson and Joey call it Home, and it doesn't matter if Joey does acrobatic dancing all over the furniture.

9. *Chez Joey.* His vulgar, glittering dream of a night-club (presented as a ballet, climaxing Act One) has come true—soon, soon to vanish like dust blown by the wind! But how Joey (or Mr. France, anyway) can dance!

3. Mrs. Simpson (Carol Bruce), a middle-aged leader of café society in Chicago, visits Mike's Place. She has a roving eye; it roves to Joey. But he insults her, and she leaves in an angry flurry of jewels and ermine.

4. Joey is under notice to quit because of his boorish behaviour to Mrs. Simpson. "She'll come back," he says, and calls her up to insult her again. So nobody is in the least surprised when she comes back.

6. A new outfit for Joey. Mrs. Simpson takes him to see a tailor (Ernst Ulman). "You won't need much but evening things," she says, "because you're never up during the day." Sally Bazely plays Linda, the young girl whom Joey picked up outside a pet-shop, and dropped because she didn't have an automobile.

7. Now Joey owns a night-club of his own, backed by you know who. He is induced to sign up one Ludlow Lowell (Lou Jacobi), a friend of Gladys, as agent.

10. *Take Him: I Won't Ask a Price for Him. Take Him: He's Free.* Pyjamas look nice on him, but Mrs. Simpson is through with Joey. Linda has come to the apartment to warn them of a blackmail plot by Ludlow and Gladys.

11. Blackmail; but it fails. Ludlow and Gladys are escorted to the station by an obliging Deputy Commissioner. And Joey, Mrs. Simpson tells him, is out as well—too expensive! So back he goes to start all over again.

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Our Social Diary

A WONDERFUL fortnight's holiday at Cap Ferrat was rounded off in a very pleasurable way with a day in Paris before returning home. I only know the South of France during late April and early May, and am probably biased into thinking that this is the best time to be there. There are few visitors, and the temperature (if you are lucky, and I always have been) is that of an almost forgotten phenomenon—a perfect English summer. At Cap Ferrat the scent of the pine trees and orange-blossom mingles with that of the numerous flowers: roses in profusion, lilies, cyclamen, iris and cineraria (to mention only a few), may be seen blooming in the gardens, one of the loveliest of which is that of the family villa of Lord Bearsted.

Both he and Lady Bearsted were staying there, and their guests included Mr. William and Lady Belinda Dugdale, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbey, and Major and Mrs. Jack Hirsch. Here one day I met Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose advancing years seem in no way to have impaired his keen wit and enjoyment of life. With him, and staying as his guest at his near-by villa, was Lady Moore, who was enjoying bathing each day in the miraculous blue of the Mediterranean. I went over to Monte Carlo on several evenings, and although the Sporting Club was closed, I ventured into the Municipal Casino to try my skill at roulette — with surprisingly fortunate results! Among the very few English visitors, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness, with the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, who was a guest on their yacht, and Lady Smiley, who was spending a few days at the Hotel de Paris with her mother, Mrs. Beaton. On holiday from Ireland were Mr. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elwes.

Racing at Longchamp

I ALWAYS enjoy the racing in France, and on the afternoon of the day I spent in Paris before returning home, I went to Longchamp. An interesting programme included the French equivalent of our 2000 and 1000 Guineas; the former being won by *Côte D'Or II.*, a three-year-old belonging to M. Jean Lignel, and the latter by M. François Dupré's three-year-old filly *Virgule.* Watching the racing from one of the boxes was the Begum Aga Khan, looking elegant in a suit of black and beige silk, with a small beige hat and an Aleutian mink jacket. Prince Aly Khan was also there, and I saw Madame Volterra, in black with a gay little hat of midnight blue tulle, and the Comte and Comtesse Decazes. There was quite a contingent of English people, including Lord and Lady Herbert, Lord and Lady Bruntisfield, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, who was looking very smart in a lemon coat and black hat.

The Royal Caledonian Ball

THIS colourful ball is always one of the most popular events of the season, and I arrived in time to see the procession for the Set Reels, headed by the Duke of Atholl and the Countess of Mansfield, the latter wearing a lovely dress of palest grey. The balcony above the ballroom at Grosvenor House provided an ideal viewpoint for watching the dancing, and I thought that, among the young girls taking part, Miss Jacynth Lindsay was outstanding, and wore a very pretty off-the-shoulder dress of white satin brocade. I also noticed Miss Anne Barber and her sister Sheena, Miss Sarah Askew, whose mother, Lady Susan Askew, was also at the ball, and Miss Fiona Munro. Most of the young girls that evening wore white to offset their tartan sashes, though, on this occasion, I am not sure that the men in their Highland or Court dress, or with red facings to their coats, did not outshine the women guests.

Nearly a thousand people came to the ball, and among those who brought parties were the Duke of Atholl, the Countess of Dunmore, the Countess of Lindsay, Lady Elisabeth Oldfield, who took part in the Set Reels, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

Dance for Miss Fiona Munro of Lindertis

IT is a long time since I have enjoyed any dance as much as the one given for Miss Fiona Munro by her mother, Lady Munro, and her grandmother, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter. The ballroom at the Hyde Park Hotel was beautifully decorated with great vases of delphiniums, stocks and peonies; everything was beautifully organised, with plenty of room for sitting out, and a delicious supper served at round tables lit by crimson candles. Fiona looked enchanting in a dress of pale blue paper taffeta, and stood with her parents and grandparents to receive their guests. Among the early arrivals were Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, the latter in pale grey and wearing a beautiful tiara, also the Lord Chancellor and Lady Simonds, both of whom had dined with Lady Munro and Mrs. Hunter before the dance. Nearly everyone who had given a dinner-party before the dance came on with their guests and enjoyed the evening as much as the younger generation. Among these were the Earl and Countess of Northesk, the Countess of Mansfield, Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst, Sir John and Lady Child, and Mrs. Walker-Munro.

Several of last year's débutantes were at the dance, including Miss Diane du Boulay, who wore a lovely dress of white-pleated tulle, and Miss Caroline Clive, also in white, with a broad blue sash. Among the girls who came out this year were Miss Sara Wignall, who looked very sweet in a full-skirted dress of blue tulle, Miss Claire Baring, the very pretty daughter of Mrs. Mona Baring, Miss Diana Child in white lace, Miss Linda McNair Scott in a ballerina-length dress, and the Hon. Fionn O'Neill, whose brother, Lord O'Neill, was at the dance. Other young men included the Earl of Dumfries, the Earl of Guilford, Viscount Colville, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, whom I noticed dancing with Miss Carina Boyle, the Hon. Peter Ward dancing with Miss Tilly Laycock, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy and Sir Thomas Pilkington.

THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW. The Ladies' Hunter Class in the judging ring, with the winner, Mr. Ronald Marmont's *Cufflink*, seen on the left.

ROYAL VISIT TO CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret admiring a formal garden at the Chelsea Flower Show.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL. The Duke of Atholl taking part in a reel at the Ball, which was held at Grosvenor House.

FAREWELL DINNER. Lord and Lady Luke with Mr. Billy Graham at the farewell dinner they gave at the Dorchester in his honour.

Distinguished Visitors from Argentina

WHILST Sr. Jeronimo Remorino, Foreign Minister of Argentina, and Sr. Alfredo Gomez Morales, Minister of Economic Affairs, were in London recently, H.E. the Argentine Ambassador held a reception in their honour at the Embassy, which was attended by members of the Diplomatic Corps, and of the Government, and other distinguished guests.

Another reception was given at Canning House by Viscount Davidson, President of the Hispanic Council, and Viscountess Davidson, which was also attended by H.E. the Argentine Ambassador. At the reception I had the pleasure of being presented to Sr. Remorino and Sr. Gomez Morales, and also met Madame Escalante Posse, the charming wife of the Minister Counsellor to the Embassy. Other guests included Dame Florence Bevin, the Hon. Gwilym Lloyd-George and his wife, Lady Forres, and the Mayor of Westminster and Mrs. Russell.

The Anglo-Argentine Society held a ball at the Dorchester attended by H.E. the Argentine Ambassador and Sr. Gomez Morales, but, unfortunately, Sr. Remorino was unable to be present. Among the guests I saw the Brazilian Ambassador and Madame Gracie, the Yugoslavian Ambassador and Madame Velebit, and the Lebanese Ambassador and Mlle. Alexa Khouri. Also Lord and Lady Dormer, Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie, Mr. Kenneth and the Hon. Mrs. Carlisle, and Brigadier and Mrs. Derek Schreiber, and Major-General Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones. During the evening we were entertained by a cabaret which, together with an Argentine band, had come over from Paris especially for the occasion.

Queen Mary's Art Treasures

ALL lovers of beautiful things will be enthralled by the display of Queen Mary's Art Treasures (some of which are illustrated on pages 494 and 495 of this issue) at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The afternoon of the private view coincided with that of the Chelsea Flower Show, and this may have accounted for the pleasurable fact that there was not a vast crowd, and one could see the display in ease and comfort. Tapestries, furniture, paintings and innumerable *objets d'art* form a worthy tribute to the many years of painstaking collection, and especially the display of some of the dresses worn by Her Majesty serve as a poignant reminder of this well-loved Queen. I particularly liked a small carpet worked in tent-stitch embroidery and lent to the exhibition by the Queen Mother, the two cases containing portrait miniatures and enamel boxes, and, of course, the case containing the works by Carl Fabergé. But I feel I shall have to go again to appreciate fully all the treasures shown. Among the people there that afternoon I saw Lady Legh talking to Lady Dashwood, Lady Claud Hamilton, Lord Plunket, Mrs. Hyde-Thompson and Lady Brook.

Débutantes' Dance

A DANCE was given at Hutchinson House for Miss Jane Ingram by her grandmother, Mrs. Guy Cross, with Mrs. Maude-Roxby, for her daughters Miss Audrey and Miss Lorna Maude-Roxby. There were nearly 500 guests, so the ballroom and reception rooms were filled to overflowing, and the stairs proved very popular with the younger generation for sitting out.

I sat and watched the dancing for a while with Lady St. John, who told me how much she had enjoyed the previous evening when she had been to the dinner given by Lord and Lady Luke for Mr. Billy Graham. Among the dancers I saw Miss Moya Harrison, the attractive elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison, Miss Sally Russell, looking very pretty in blue, Miss Catherine Spencer, and the Hon. Janet Hamilton.

Unfortunately, I had another engagement that evening, so could only stay a short while, but on my way out I met Sir Gerald and Lady Ley, who had brought a party, including their two daughters, and Mrs. Christopher Dalgety. Other people who brought parties to the dance included Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Princess Catherine of Russia, Lady Jean Sinclair, Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, and Sir Herbert and Lady Ingram.

Forthcoming Events

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE will be present at the gala performance of *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure* at the Fortune Theatre on June 9th, at 8 p.m. The performance is in aid of The Highway Clubs, and tickets may be obtained from Miss M. L. Ashby, 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1.

POLO AT COWDRAY PARK. Lady Cowdray presenting the Tyro Cup to Lord Cowdray, who captained the winning team against Red Lodge.

M. and Madame Auriol are to be the guests of honour at the Anglo-French Ball which is being held at the Dorchester Hotel on Tuesday, June 22nd. Madame Massigli is president of the Ball, and this is being given in aid of the French Hospital in London, and also in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Madge Clarke, 79, Davies Street, W.1.

The Dusseldorf Symphony Orchestra is to give a concert at the Royal Festival Hall on Monday, June 21st, at 8 p.m., in aid of the National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. It will be the first appearance in this country of this famous orchestra, which is being conducted by Eugen Szenkar. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Beddoe-Rees, 30/32, Devonshire Street, W.1.

Helena

Shirley Roberts as Anya and David Markham as the tutor, Trofimoff, the perpetual student, growing older and thin-haired, ridiculous but fiercely honest.

Trevor Howard as Lopahin, the self-made merchant.

Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Madame Ranevsky.

Anya, with her talkative uncle, Gayeff (Esmé Percy), and the pinched, disappointed Varya (Pauline Jameson), housekeeper and adopted daughter to Madame Ranevsky.

Charlotta, the eccentric governess (Patience Collier), Dunyasha, the maid (Charlotte Mitchell), Yasha, the counter-jumper valet (John Bennett), and clumsy Epihodoff (Robert Eddison).

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

The latest revival of Chekov's sad little comedy opened on May 21st at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Sir John Gielgud has directed the play with the intelligence and sensitivity that one expects from him; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Trevor Howard, David Markham, Pauline Jameson, Robert Eddison, and Esmé Percy are included in a distinguished cast; the *décor* is by Richard Lake. To an audience with the hindsight of 1954, the symbolism of the play seems remarkably clear, its development and end a poignantly "period" experience.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

Photographed by F. J. Goodman.

MRS. TIMOTHY JONES

Mrs. Timothy Jones, daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford and wife of the son of Sir Roderick Jones and his wife, novelist Enid Bagnold, is one of the most beautiful young women in London society. This delightful study of her was made at her home in Hyde Park Gate, where she lives with her husband and small daughter.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Strings, Xylophone and Drums

The Cherry Orchard

(Lyric, Hammersmith)

I WONDER how many people, at the Lyric première, remembered the to-do just twenty-nine years before, when J. B. Fagan's company brought the play to the same theatre. One faction described it as a masterpiece, another as gibberish. Chekov—the preferred spelling at present—took a long time to acclimatise himself in England. Young playgoers who accept him as an Old Master ought, in Kipling's phrase, to "read a little in the files."

Over here I doubt whether we shall get such a play as *The Cherry Orchard* quite right—in the sense, I mean, that Chekov intended. He was surprised, he said while writing it, to find that it was coming out, in parts, as a farce; and productions in Russia, we understand, are much gayer than in England. Obstinately, I am not sure (speaking from this side of the fence) that Chekov himself got his play quite right. Agreed, it has extremely amusing elements; but one does not often want to laugh aloud; personally, I feel about it as about the bitter-sweet songs of Feste. The play develops a piercing wistfulness (please, not nostalgia): its end never fails to move me, though it is a pity that old Firs has to speak. I do not find anything vastly comical in the decay of an endeared house, the ruin of an ancient estate.

On the whole, I am moderately sociable. Before or after any play, you can find me, like one of Daisy Ashford's people, "chatting quite genially with some of the crowd." But often, during a play itself, it is good to be left in peace during the intervals. The finer the play—Shakespeare, Ibsen, Chekov—the less eager one is for small talk. To feel like that is a tribute to cast and producer, as well as to dramatist; and certainly, at Hammersmith, I had never been less prepared for interval-prowling.

True, the first act did not fully establish that odd Chekovian rhythm. This is a personal matter; the tune changes according to a listener's "taste and fancy." But once we were in the fields on a July evening, the telegraph-poles straddling away into the distance, and those loiterers strolling up through the calm, the spell was there. Chekov is a producer's sweet grief. Much of him is between the lines. Make the pauses too brief, and the play becomes choppy and chaotic; lengthen them, and one remembers gloomily the Websterian phrase about "studying a long silence." Sir John Gielgud (the Trofimoff of 1925) appeared—to one listener at least—to have judged the second, third and fourth acts with sensitive truth, a miracle of pause and effect. Much of the casting was ideal.

Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies (released from the other play that came out, in parts, as a farce) is now Madame Ranevsky herself—there is no need to elaborate this—and the Gayeff (Esmé Percy) is, for once, from the same family: he manages the tricky catch-phrases better than any Gayeff I have known. Trevor Howard's Lopahin, uncertain conqueror, his past always obtrusive in the present, is absolutely right. One should flit down the cast; but I will keep to three performances. Robert Eddison, who was an Old Vic Trofimoff, now moves irresistibly through the misfortunes of Epihodoff (when the curtain rises upon the fourth act he has just hit his thumb with a hammer: he will continue to do this, in one way and another, during life). Pauline Jameson can bring tears in Varya's last disappointment, though perhaps Chekovians hold that the last scene with Lopahin is comic (shall we ever get the play right?); and David Markham, refusing to labour any speech, keeps the Perpetual Student exactly in the mood. Need the director allow that grim word "scruffy" to be used twice? Each time it jars us back unpleasantly to 1954.

A PRIZE FOR THEATRICAL PORTRAITURE: At the 30th Annual Exhibition of Professional Photographers, an Award of Merit was made to *Sketch* photographer Houston Rogers for a distinctive piece of "theatre portraiture." This picture of Mr. Rogers himself was taken by his wife.

There are things here and there to bother us. I did not get the feeling of the cherry orchard beyond the nursery windows. I lost the first sound of the "breaking string." Firs might have been done more subtly (it is a terrifying little part). Yet, when all is said, *The Cherry Orchard* has returned in remarkably full blossom. Sitting, dour and unsociable, during the Hammersmith intervals, I wondered again about those dear people of the mid-1920's who would (I believe) foam at the mouth at what they called an insult to the stage.

Going to Town

(St. Martin's)

THIS is the revue from Hammersmith that was called *At the Lyric*. To be precise, it is a portion of that revue, with a good many new trimmings for appearance in the West End. I mourn a few of the losses, for example, Ian Carmichael's Black Knight, and a little matter at the tailor's; and some of the new scenes—such as the first half finale—hardly seem to earn their keep. But, taken all round (that phrase looks sillier and sillier whenever it gets into print), this is a happy evening—especially when Hermione Baddeley, in her most endearing animated-gargoyle manner, and the irrepressible Dora Bryan, piping primly, get to work on Alan Melville's songs and sketches. I shall think of Miss Baddeley as, in full sulks, she pounds a xylophone during the "Versatile Trio" (with Dora Bryan and the agreeable Ian Carmichael) that brings the night towards a frenzied close. Miss Bryan, bless her, is still remembering how she pushed the Sunday-school off Beachy Head.

Marjorie Dunkels, ineffably superior, tells us—with expert aid—about contemporary street cries; and elsewhere she has a swift and deadly impression of Dorothy Tutin more or less as Juliet. Incidentally, I hope some will recall that Myles Eason, who compères the Juliet-audition number, was one of the best Tybalts of his time. He is useful throughout the revue, especially in a yellow-Press number by Paul Dehn. All told (where *do* these phrases come from?), the ex-Lyric company has reached town in a big way. It might celebrate the event by reviving A. P. Herbert's famous Chekov burlesque from the *Riverside Nights* of 1926 (which was done at Hammersmith very soon after the Fagan *Cherry Orchard*). It would be a nice gesture.

The Palladium Show

(Palladium)

THE name is Wisdom. Know the fellow I mean? That's right: little man with his cap pushed back: jittery type: falls down if you look at him. He is now falling down all over the stage of the Palladium—he does this a bit too often, maybe—and we cheer (some of us do) at every sight of the anxious-spaniel face. The man has a clenched resolve to do all he intends, even to singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," though massed battalions on-stage and off are against him. Wisdom is pursued throughout by the sinister Jerry Desmonde (see him in Mr. Desmonde's grasp when learning to be a drummer). Sometimes, in triumph, he behaves like a late-Regency Volumnia of whom it was written: "*She thought it essential to her dignity to step about with her head thrown half-a-yard back, as if she had a contempt for her own chin.*"

Wisdom sings too much at the end: but, for his comic qualities, all is forgiven. Having written about him, I have forgotten to explain that a revue swirls about the little man for more than two hours. It all makes for variety, as a friend of mine observed when he fell off a cliff (happily, a very low one).

MIDNIGHT MATINÉE.—On Thursday, June 24th, there will be a Midnight Matinée at the Palladium in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. The cast includes Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, Noël Coward, and Joyce Grenfell. Tickets from 15 gns. to 10s. 6d.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—9: LESLIE PHILLIPS

Last week saw the 600th performance of *For Better, For Worse* in the Comedy Theatre, a piece in which Leslie Phillips, appropriately enough, plays a bright young man. Thirty years old, he has been in the theatre for twenty of them, beginning at the age of ten in *Peter Pan*, and moving through a succession of child parts to *Dear Octopus* in 1938. Indeed, he has engaged in almost every theatrical activity except variety ; he has been a call boy, worked in the box office, appeared in cabaret, and even sung at Covent Garden—at thirteen in *Turandot*. From his war service as a lieutenant with the Durham Light Infantry he was invalided out in 1945. There followed repertory all over the place, and then a revival of *Daddy Long Legs* at the Comedy Theatre, which has always been a lucky theatre for him, what with *On Monday Next* and now *For Better, For Worse*. Though he once played Guildenstern in *Hamlet*, and used, he says wistfully, to specialise in neurotic young men, it is as an accomplished actor in light comedy that he is best known to-day.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST: by David Jagger. (Oil.)

JANET AND JAIMIE, Children of the Hon. Kenneth Weir of Montgreenan: by A. K. Lawrence, R.A. (Oil.)

MISS EIRA GOVETT: by John R. Merton. (Oil.)

Personality Paintings at the Royal Academy

THE TORTOISE-SHELL CAT: by Richard Eurich, R.A. (Oil.)

SARAH MILLAR: by Anthony Devas, A.R.A. (Oil.)

NOMADE FAROUCHE : by Sir W. Russell Flint, R.A. (Water-colour.)

RIVERSIDE PICNIC :
by Philip Connard, R.A. (Oil.)

SIR HENRY ALLAN STEWARD, Master of the Skinners' Company, 1908-9 : by Eric Kennington, A.R.A. (Oil.)

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT, Colonel-in-Chief, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment : by Simon Elwes. (Oil.)

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

Aunt Helen to the Rescue!

MY DEAR ROBERT,
Charles has been ill.

I always know when he 's going to be ill because he becomes even more silent than usual and his nose turns blue. When I note these unmistakable symptoms the following dialogue takes place:

"Charles, are you feeling quite well?"

"No."

"Shall I take your temperature?"

"No."

"Would you like to see a Doctor?"

"No."

It 's very frustrating and alarming for his Nearest and Dearest. I tell Charles that some day, if he persists in this unco-operative behaviour when he is ill, I can see myself having to answer some awkward questions at a Coroner's Inquest:

"Mrs. Browne, do you mean to tell me that although you knew your husband was ill and in pain you didn't call in a Doctor?"

"I 'm afraid I didn't."

"And you, a Doctor's Wife, didn't even take his temperature?"

"I 'm afraid I didn't." (*Boos and hisses from the back of the Court, which is packed with Doctor Browne's devoted and grief-stricken patients.*)

However, on this occasion, after two days stretched flat on his back, his blue nose turned to the ceiling and a hand pressed to his side, I took the law into my own hands and rang up the Other Doctor. I was careful (*a*) not to try and get him at his private house; (*b*) to ring up between nine and nine-thirty in the morning, before he had started on his rounds; (*c*) to give my name, address and telephone number to the Secretary clearly and distinctly; (*d*) to put out a clean towel for him to dry his hands on—in fact, do all the things Charles grumbles about his patients not doing. The Other Doctor, a very kind man, was round in a flash and said Charles had shingles.

"Do people die of it?"

The Other Doctor looked at me in a pitying way. It always surprises and irritates the doctors we know that I am ignorant about illnesses, which I think is unfair. After all, nobody expects a General's wife to know how to arrange a battle.

"They don't die—as a rule," said the Other Doctor, drying his hands briskly on the clean towel, "but they feel very ill. Charles will need careful nursing." When he went away, Charles raised a weak, white hand in farewell and let it drop again to lie inert on the eiderdown.

About half an hour later, the boy from the chemist arrived at the door, staggering under various packages and parcels which I took up to Charles' bedroom. I thought it would cheer him to see how hard every-body was trying to get him better.

"Look, Charles, all sorts of things from the chemist."

Charles half-opened his eyes and closed them again.

"They don't die—as a rule."

"Something to dab on. Shall I dab it now?"

"No."

"Three sorts of tablets—two at night and one in the morning. I 'll give you the morning one right away."

"No."

"Medicine three times a day after meals. Better have a dose now."

"No."

"It 's an awfully pretty colour, Charles—bright red."

"No."

I was in despair. What would the Other Doctor say when he came in the morning and saw the virgin bottles and boxes standing in a row on the mantelpiece? Could I force Charles to take his medi-cines? How were the Suffragettes fed on hunger-strike? Surely forcible feeding with tablets would be fraught with diffi-culties. Charles wasn't the only one who slept badly that night.

But when the Other Doctor came in the morning, you could have knocked me down with a feather. He didn't seem to mind about Charles not having taken his medi-cines. "I see you got your Dope, Old Boy," he said with a leer, and Charles opened his eyes for the first time in three days and grinned weakly.

The news soon got around that Charles was ill, and I was kept busy answering the telephone and the front door to callers and the back door to flowers and fruit. Charles still lay flat and speechless. I found this silent suffering very heart-rending. If only he had groaned and thrown himself about, it would have been easier all round. But at last the Other Doctor said he was better and could have a few visitors.

Several of the neighbouring doctors came to see him.

Several of the neighbouring Doctors came to see him and some of them brought bottles of brightly-coloured medicines.

"Brought you a nice Bottle of Medicine, Old Boy!" (Roars of laughter.) "It 's a lovely pink!" (More laughter.)

"Don't touch it, Charles! Take mine—it 's green!" (More laughter.)

Mrs. Whinebite came to see him and told him a long story about somebody who had shingles and died.

The Admiral came to see him. He ap-peared ill at ease in a sick-room and talked in a very loud voice as though Charles' illness had affected his hearing.

Colonel Simpkins came to see him and brought him an Indian newspaper dated 1910 with an article in it about pig-sticking.

Mrs. Savernake came to see him and gave him a pep-talk about Not Giving In To Illness.

Little Mrs. Simpkins came and wept to see dear Charles so pulled down.

Gregory and Thirza Hopkinson came and brought hot-house peaches.

The Conductor came and gave a short rendering of *Green Sleeves* on his Recorder.

Faith, whom he longed to see, wasn't allowed to come, in case his shingles gave her chicken-pox, which, in her Condition, would be a bad thing.

They *all* said "Physician, Heal Thy-self!" as they went away, and they all laughed merrily. I felt sorry for Charles; I could see his toes curling up under the bedclothes, as, indeed, mine were doing inside my shoes.

When Lady B. came she didn't say "Physician, Heal Thyself," and Charles thanked her with tears in his eyes. She brought him a Solitaire board and some very attractive marbles, a small, soft little bolster to put behind his neck, a funny and rather rude book and a box of pills called Aunt Helen's Soothies which, she said, never failed in cases of debility. She didn't talk much but she held Charles's hand and they smiled at each other.

Charles is taking Aunt Helen's Soothies three times a day, after meals. The Other Doctor is very much amused; he says they are made of cornflower and sugar. But Charles has great faith in them and they are doing him all the good in the world.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

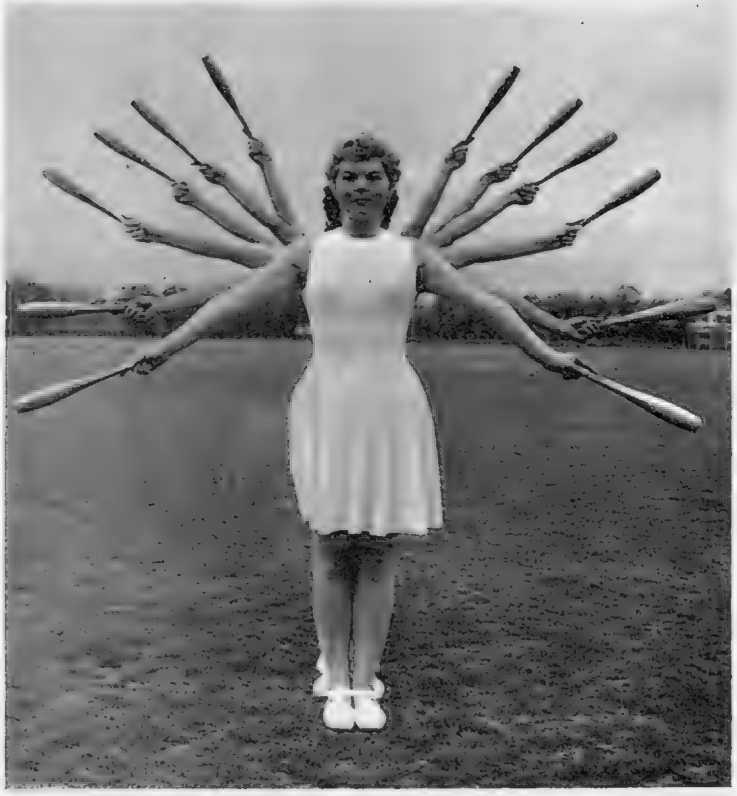
She held Charles's hand . . .

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

Diplomatic Hostesses:

Señora Ofelia Gonzalez de Mendoza y de la Torre

This informal study of the lovely wife of the Cuban Ambassador was made in the garden of her charming old country home in Middlesex. A converted mill standing in a secluded spot on the Union Canal, near Uxbridge, it is quite a change from their previous home, for until quite recently they occupied Sir Winston Churchill's London house. Her Excellency enjoys riding and fishing and loves the peace and quiet of the country, but in her five years in England she has become an immensely popular hostess, and although distance now necessarily curtails her entertaining to some degree, at week-ends there are always a few cars wending their way down the steep, narrow rubble track that leads to the Black Jack Mill, perched on the edge of the canal.



We Take Off Our Hat To . .

Left :

MARGARET THRING : For Providing an Answer to "I've Only One Pair of Hands."

Ackcherly, chaps, we won't deceive you. Wren Margaret is not an English version of the goddess Kali—who only has four arms, anyway, but throws in matted hair, red palms and eyes, and fang-like teeth to boot. No ; those are five other girls behind her, all rehearsing at Pompey for their appearance in this year's Royal Tournament.

Left, below :

DIANA CHITTY, PAM BLYTH and ELIZABETH CAPLIN : For Volunteering to Guard the Lives of Holiday-makers at Brighton.

Diana and Pam are sixteen, Elizabeth is twenty-three. All three, bronzed bronze medallists of the Royal Life-Saving Society, have volunteered to keep a sharp eye open to ensure the safety of Brighton swimmers. Brighton is among the first resorts to have feminine Life-Guards, and we anticipate that a much higher proportion of male swimmers will need assistance this year !

Below :

LIVIO BORRA : For Organising his Own De-Rationing D-Day.

Anticipating much more freedom in the kitchen when rationing ends in early July, chef Borra went to Paris to work at the famous Maxim's in order to prepare himself for the Great Day. After some time as a Junior Chef there, he doffed his white hat, donned a snazzy cravat, and went the rounds of the restaurants in the guise of a wealthy client, making mental notes all the way. He doesn't believe that English cooking will ever equal the French, because most customers are not prepared to wait an hour for a *plat*, but he intends to make Quaglino's, his own home stamping-ground, as near to a gourmet's cuisine-from-cuisine as he can.

Personality Parade—21

PETER SCOTT,

C.B.E., D.S.C.

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Phillip Glasier.

Peter Markham Scott, painter, author, illustrator, ornithologist, broadcaster and public speaker, has long been known all over the world as "the bird man." Now, when Television programmes have projected his warm, easy personality into the homes of a million viewers, there can be few who do not know of him and of his work for the Severn Wildfowl Trust. But although he is as much at home ringing pink-foot geese in Iceland as painting portraits in Gloucestershire, primarily Peter Scott is an artist, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1933. His bird paintings and illustrations are renowned and his excellent portrait drawings have a mixture of firmness and delicacy which is quite his own. In the Navy during the war, he distinguished himself in action on several occasions—and when he left as a Lieut.-Commander no one could say he "settled down." For, next to bird-watching and sailing, his favourite hobby is exploring, natural enough in the son of the famous Scott of the Antarctic. So far, he has travelled extensively in Lapland, the Caspian Sea, Arctic Canada, Central Iceland and the Andes, but he feels he has "only started." It seems a fair enough beginning.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

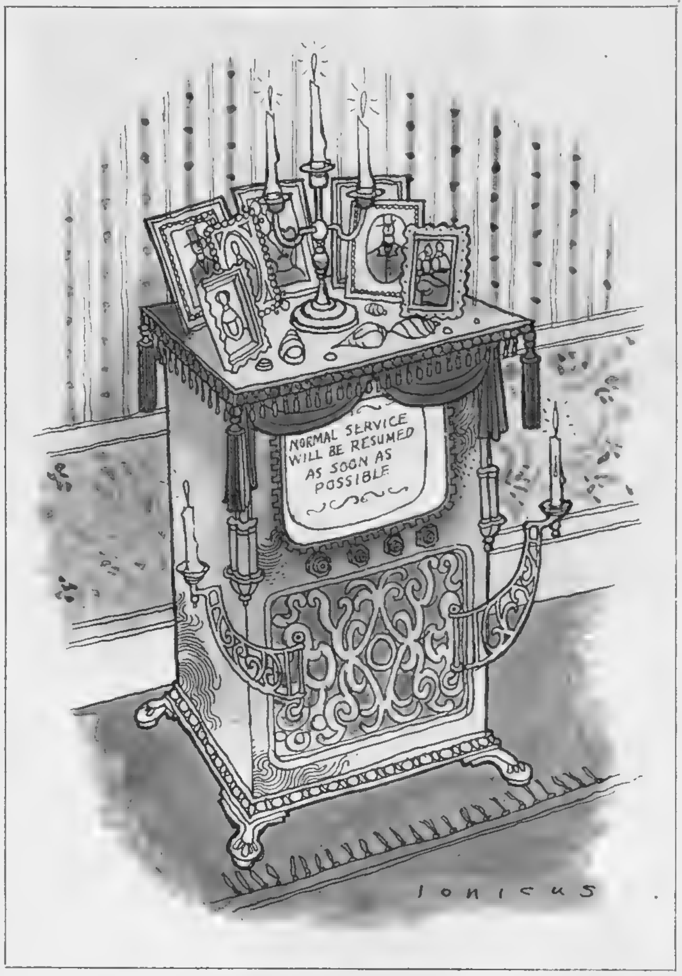
Reporting a Royal Occasion

IT was really rather a shock. And there I had been thinking that television couldn't possibly hold any more shocks for me!

To explain. Through the courtesy of a number of people I found myself in one of the B.B.C.'s mobile control vans during the outside broadcast of the Royal family's return to London on May 15th. The van was parked in one of the forecourts of Scotland Yard, practically opposite the exit from Westminster Pier. Everything was going smoothly—you may remember that broadcast was wonderfully done: Antony Craxton, the producer, was getting beautiful shots from his cameras and Richard Dimbleby was commentating with that inimitable mixture of dignity and little-boy's awe which makes him a "must" on televised State occasions. On the screen I saw the Queen, looking wonderfully serene and relaxed, about to step into the landau.

At that moment I pulled aside a small curtain and saw, outside the control van, not twenty yards away, the very same scene being enacted. It was a shock. Oh, it was not the sudden blaze of colour after the black and white of the television screen, though that was startling enough. The shock came from the feeling that one was stepping from reality into fairyland. In actuality, the Royal party, the V.I.P.s and the escorting soldiery seemed quite imaginary figures. It was disturbing, and I was almost glad to lower the curtain and concentrate on the screen again.

Is television, then, more real than reality? I throw out this rhetorical question because a reversal of the process has never given me the same shock. In a studio it is possible to watch actors playing a scene "live" and at the same time see, on a "monitor," the same thing as it appears on the screen. The latter has often been the more interesting. It makes you think.



WHEN David Macdonald, who directs *The Dancing Bear*, by John Wiles and Richard Wade, told me in advance that it was the best serial script he had ever come across, I pursed my lips into a polite but non-committal "Oh?" Now, having seen something of the sinister goings-on, I find myself quite swept in and really excited to know what will happen next. It has just the right touch of over-writing for a serial, produced and directed by Messrs. Vance and Macdonald with expert hands and acted with fine underlining of characters, pleasant and otherwise. I could wish, though, that Norman Wooland, as the M.I.5 agent, who seems fated to fight a one-man battle against the whole Iron Curtain, would sleuth it a little less obviously. He'll give the game away if he is not careful.

The Comedy of Errors, a musical comedy, book and lyrics by William Shakespeare, Lionel Harris and Robert McNab, with music by Julian Slade, must have made one or two purists positively boil with rage. But then purists have no business with this improbable and immature *opus* of the Bard's. For the rest of us it was rather fun. Lionel Harris is at his best when producing this sort of thing (as he showed in *The Duenna*), and Julian Slade has a positive genius for writing amiable little tunes which simply refuse to be banished from the memory. David Peel and Paul Hansard as the twin Antipholi, managed to look amazingly alike, acted extremely well and sang—well, they sang. On the distaff side, in Adriana and Luciana, there was surer musical pleasure and equal histrionic satisfaction from Joan Plowright and Jane Wenham.

But *The Old Maid and the Thief*, a short opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti, was no fun at all. The libretto, concerning an old woman who gives house-room to a roaming vagabond, is trite, and the music, apart from three rare moments, dull. As I watched, I had a vision of producer Christian Simpson gathering his cast round him and saying: "We must try and get every ounce of fun out of this. Let's get busy being funny." The resulting middle-aged, over-skittish cavortings by Mesdames Marie Powers, Gwen Catley and Elena Danieli (albeit they sang beautifully) gave me some very hot moments under the collar. Laurie Payne, as the vagabond, was only asked to sing well and wear his rags with an air—which he did.

NOW let's look ahead a bit. Eurovision is with us at last. At the moment I am in a state of acute rage at the pettifogging attitude which is being adopted by certain authorities and unions, who are seeing fit, at this late hour, to put their egotistical spanners into the works of this unique opportunity for international goodwill. However, all may yet be well.

The first programme in this eight-country schedule, spread over a month, is to come from Switzerland on the afternoon of June 6th. This will be the *Fête des Narcisses*, at Montreux. The same evening we are to be transported to the Vatican, with the exciting possibility that His Holiness the Pope will take part. After that there is a gap until June 12th, when Great Britain will show, to Europe, athletics from Glasgow, the R.N.V.R. Jubilee Review by Her Majesty the Queen, the Richmond Horse Show and a sight of floodlit London by the Roving Eye (which is beginning to cover itself in glory). The broadcast was to have been wound up by a special edition of *Café Continental* (specially requested by other countries), but, owing to the disobliging attitude of the abovementioned, that prospect looks anything but rosy (it will be seen over here, of course).

FOR purely domestic consumption there is quite a good list. June 6th and 10th brings *The Mistress of Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche, one of those "Matriarch" plays, where a family is dominated by a female tyrant and there is much conflict between young and old. *The Good Partners*, the second of Iain MacCormick's four-play cycle, dealing with post-war human problems, comes to us on June 13th and 17th. It has the Berlin airlift as its background and shows what is apt to happen when duty calls men away from their wives. *Liebelei*, the well-known play by Arthur Schnitzler, is a sad little tale of the young aristocrat who falls in love with the humble young maid. Schnitzler's light touch is difficult to translate, so the actors will have no easy task. This is on June 15th. Also book June 9th, when Margot Fonteyn will be dancing two *pas de deux* from *Swan Lake* with Michael Somes.

BEFORE I end this article, let me introduce you to an interesting publication which has recently come my way. This is the *Radio and Television Who's Who*, as compiled by Cyrus Andrews and published by George Young Publications, of 29 Oxford Street, at two guineas. It is a book of vital use to those who are professionally concerned with radio and television, and should also be of use to those who take a personal interest in Radio and Television artists. To the hypercritical there may be one or two surprising inclusions and astonishing omissions, but on the whole the picture is very comprehensive.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"GOOD HEAVENS! MY MOTHERS-IN-LAW!"

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

A Bill of Battles

Knights of the Round Table
(Empire)

G. K. CHESTERTON once observed that if, all down the ages, stories were told about a man, it was a probability that at some time there really was a man about whom the stories were told.

We know very little about King Arthur, but his existence seems to have been established by generations of story-tellers, from the eighth-century chronicler Nennius, through Geoffrey of Monmouth, *via* Sir Thomas Malory and others, to Alfred Lord Tennyson. Legend, of course, has enriched the story by the way; and by now the whole colourful tale of the Round Table, Lancelot, Guinevere, Elaine, Mordred, Galahad and the rest has become such a complex piece of folk-weave that it would be difficult, and certainly profitless, to try to disentangle the fable from the fact.

In making a film about King Arthur, M.-G.-M. and their script-writers (Talbot Jennings, Jan Lustig and Noel Langley) have done bravely, if not always subtly, in reducing this huge mass of material to manageable proportions. Beginning with Arthur pulling the sword Excalibur out of the stone, they go on to show his wayside meeting with Lancelot; his marriage to Guinevere; the making of the Table Round; the scandal about Lancelot's relations with the Queen, subtly whispered by Morgan Le Fay, and used by the envious Mordred as "a torch to light up England"; Lancelot's marriage of convenience with Elaine; the birth of Galahad; Mordred's open outflare of rebellion; "the last dim, weird battle of the west"; Lancelot's return from banishment in time to comfort the dying Arthur and avenge him, and, finally, a vision of the Holy Grail vouchsafed to Lancelot and Perceval with full benefit of stereophonic celestial choir.

The film was made in England and Ireland, using the same location on the banks of the Liffey where the Agincourt sequence was shot for *Henry V*. The combat scenes are magnificent, and I only wish I could say that the acting measured up to them in stature. But apart from Hollywood's Mel Ferrer, who manages to give his king "a little touch of Arthur in the night," the performers are decorative rather than convincing. Robert Taylor makes a personable Lancelot, and Ava Gardner, if she doesn't do much as Guinevere, at least does nothing unbecoming. Our own Stanley Baker goes some way towards making Sir Mordred a picture of blazing-eyed villainy, and another young British actor, Gabriel Woolf, handles the touchingly perplexed Sir Perceval rather nicely.

On the whole, *Knights of the Round Table* seems an honourable, though sometimes artless, try at an extremely difficult subject. Its pictures are often handsome, and its temper is always lively. There is enough vigorous in-fighting and out-fighting to satisfy the most belligerent customer.

For the record: the film demanded 500 "hard-riding horses," 6000 costumes, 10,000 arrows; 200 large sets, including a complete stone castle, 400 longbows, 500 shields, 600 lances, 750 saddles, and a proper quantity of branding-irons, tongs, cudgels and battle-axes. There were also 500 sets of chain-mail, 2000 pairs of tights, 1000 plumes (in duplicate), 300 jousting helmets and 750 surcoats, 10 trained falcons, 975 pork chops, 300 lb. of potatoes, 360 loaves of bread, 150 large tins of peas, 1500 apples and pears, enough coffee and tea to provide 400 gallons of each, and 2000 cakes and buns.

The Living Desert
(Studio One)

IF you can stand the sight of tarantulas, centipedes, millipedes, snakes, scorpions, rats, skunks, and the thousand and one creepie-crawlies that inhabit the Great American Desert, and are not to be disturbed by the sight of insect violence, ruthlessness and battles to the death between pepsis wasps and tarantulas, or hawks and rattlesnakes, then by all means see this very remarkable Disney film. But, as the television announcers so often remark about their plays, "we do not consider it suitable for those of a nervous disposition."

Disney, with his *Beaver Valley*, *Seal Island*, *Water Birds*, *Olympic Elk* and *Bear Country*, made it abundantly clear that Nature, looked at by patient and imaginative cameramen, could provide as much entertainment as ever came out of a studio. In *The Living Desert* he has shown that even in the apparently most unlikely places, Nature can still provide every sort of thrill and drama and comedy.

At the same time, this is a serious film, a genuine attempt to show that a desert is not merely a vast expanse of sand, but a living world that teems with a life of its own. And if the final result is to convince one that the Great American Desert is a wonderful place to keep away from, maybe there is a lesson in that, too.

In the same programme is a wholly delightful Disney film called *Stormy*, which tells with the utmost skill and sympathy the story of a colt from the Kentucky Bluegrass country. *Stormy* is a thoroughbred, and a handsome one, but because he was born out of season, in August, he is smaller and more backward than all the other yearlings. Nobody trains him to be a racehorse, and he does *not* grow up to win the Kentucky Derby. But racing blood will out, and in the end the little chestnut's speed and stamina win him his own kind of spectacular triumph.

The film is based on a true story, we are told. It has been beautifully photographed, in colour, and is altogether a *happy* film, which should make friends, like *Stormy*, wherever it goes.

GASTRO — LYRIC

By Justin Richardson.

SANDWICHES

The Earl of Sandwich's claim
to fame
Was to name same.
It should be recorded on his
sarcophagus
That he was autopophagous.

Some Other New Films

THE QUEEN IN AUSTRALIA.—Produced by Australia's own Government Film Unit, this is one of the best documentaries ever made about a Royal progress. The material has been chosen and arranged with real imagination. The colour—an Italian system called Ferrianacolour—is variable but never garish, and in some of the harbour shots quite lovely. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh themselves can give points to many a film-star in deportment and charm.

SECRET CONCLAVE (Marble Arch Pavilion).—English-speaking version of an Italian film about the life of the bare-footed peasant boy who eventually became Pope Pius X., and died full of years and grief at the outbreak of the First World War. The scenes showing the election of a Pope behind the sealed doors of the Vatican are fascinating, and people of all creeds should find the film interesting and often moving.

KNAVE OF HEARTS (Ritz).—The French star, Gérarde Philipe, speaking fluent though slightly broken English, appears as a modern Don Juan who tells the story of the women he lived on but never really loved to the one he hopes to make his mistress. Valerie Hobson, Margaret Johnston, Joan Greenwood, Natasha Parry, and the talented French actress Germaine Montero are the ladies about the film, which has a suave style and some well-photographed London scenes, but to me seems pointless and a little nasty.

HELL AND HIGH WATER (Odeon, Marble Arch).—An ear-splitting and regrettable CinemaScope mixture of politics, submarine warfare, love and the atom bomb, with Richard Widmark as the man at the periscope, and Bella Darvi as a lady scientist who brightens the lives of the rough submariners.

RIDERS TO THE STARS (General release May 29th).—Another lady scientist (Martha Hyer) sends three men up in rockets to try and trap a meteor. The first disintegrates, the second whirls off into outer space, but the third (William Lundigan) bags both prize and lady.

"THE BRITISH ON BROADWAY"

Once again Oscar Berger has drawn, exclusively for *The Sketch*, his impressions of British stars appearing in New York. Hermione Gingold, Claude Rains, Joan Greenwood and Deborah Kerr are all having tremendous personal successes on Broadway—proving themselves, like the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, among the most effective unofficial ambassadors for this country.

Hermione Gingold as the fabulous *femme fatale*, "La Pistachio," in the musical revue *Almanac*.

Claude Rains as Sir Claude Mulhammer and Joan Greenwood as Lucasta Angel in T. S. Eliot's comedy, *The Confidential Clerk*.

Deborah Kerr making up in her dressing-room for the part of Laura Reynolds, the schoolmaster's sympathetic wife, in Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy*.

Strictly Biographical: 10. By Louis T. Stanley

Walter de la Mare, O.M.

I HAD long looked forward to visiting Walter de la Mare, the man whom of all living English writers I revere the most, and at last the day had come. In the car I turned over the pages of *The Traveller*, a long metaphysical poem in which a traveller and his horse journey across a strange land towards death, and come to death at last; a spiritual and a physical journey. Their world is quite literally a dream world: it has no local habitation.

I came to a secluded Georgian terrace. At the end was the house, aloof and tight-lipped. Nobody was about. The tall windows were darkly inscrutable. The trees looked as if they were expecting me. I paused by the shallow staircase in the entrance hall. To ring the bell would be a momentous action. Incredulity came over me. Could the person I would see the next minute really be inside? Savages have a word we might adopt for this significance which clings about certain places; they say that a place or person has *mana*. For me the heavy entrance gate, the gigantic plane tree, the quiet house with its black, speckless windows, all had *mana*. I rang the bell. The next moment I was in a miniature study, my coat was whisked away, and I was alone. Instinctively I looked through the window. The scene was peaceful. As the detail registered itself on my mind's eye, I became conscious that I was looking through words, familiar words engraved on the centre pane:

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour—let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight
Thou hast paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.

"Laurence Whistler inscribed that!" It was the housekeeper, who led me to the poet's room. He was in bed. The curtains were partly drawn across the windows, but the shafts of light panelled the low, narrow bed with its deep cleft in the swelling pillow. Outside, a dazzling sun had long ago drunk up the freshness of morning. His face, beneath a flurry of thinning grey hair, had a noble, ravaged handsomeness. I guessed him to be one of those men who seem bigger seated than when on their legs. That keen look in profile, as of an upward-pointing arrow, which I had expected, was still there. The vitality which has inspired many a page still vibrated in his voice, and told in his grave but shy greeting. There was no hint of misty churchyards and lingering twilight in those features.

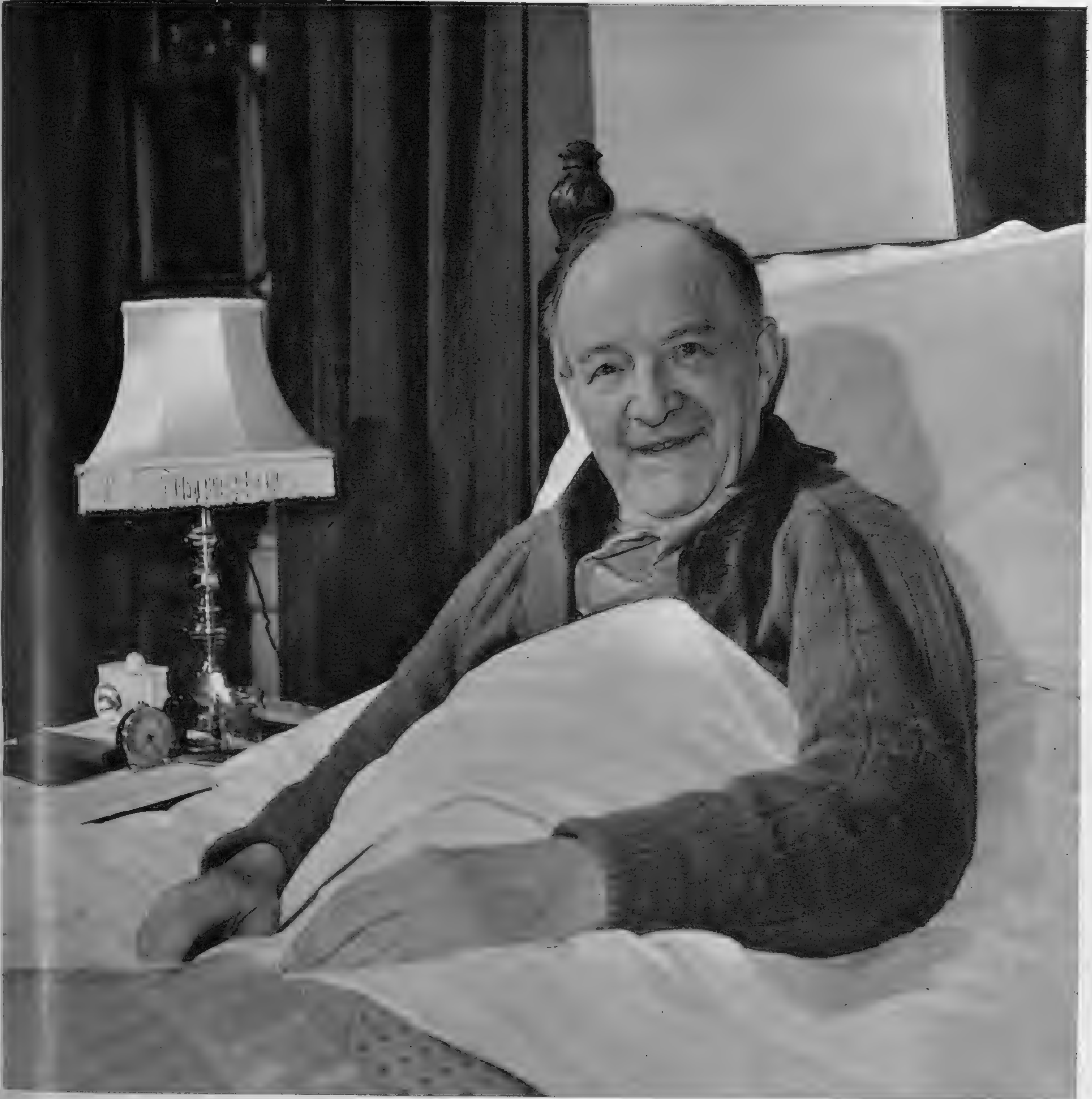
He had just completed that morning a manuscript on Thomas Hardy. It was tempting to compare the two men, for at first sight Hardy is so superficially different. Walter de la Mare, like Hardy, belongs to, and is the greatest living representative of, that specifically English tradition, which is neither Celtic nor Symbolist, but something as autochthonous as the fools and fairies of Shakespeare. I would place de la Mare more in line with Shakespeare than with Hardy. The latter, like many leading modern poets, was a regionalist; his work came from a specific soil. But I defy anyone to tell from de la Mare's work that he is a Kentish man. His world is unreal: it cannot be localised. Some critics regard this as a failing. Politically I follow their argument as to regionalism, devolution and the parish pump, but I think it is a civilised virtue to think and write universally. For this does not automatically imply a lack of that most essential poetic quality, precision. Walter de la Mare has more precision, both of image and expression, than Hardy. He has refinities and nuances beyond the ken of Hardy's crisp but coarse homespun. Hardy never wrote anything so delicate as the *Epitaph* nor was he capable of the genuine ballad emotion which we derive from *The Listener*. Walter de la Mare can be likened to William Blake, though he is not in any strict sense a mystic, for both men affirm the values of the visionary innocence of childhood and the timeless reality of dreams.

Mr. Walter de la Mare talking with Mr. Louis T. Stanley, author of this article.

During our conversation Walter de la Mare talked of his early childhood. He used that fascinating trick of asking odd questions, which gave the imagination a lift. When he asks one of his odd questions, he really waits for an answer. This time he launched a discussion as to what was my earliest recollection. His own contribution had all the elfin loveliness that I associate with his mind—on a par with his early recollection of a faraway Christmas morning. Whether frost-bound was the air, whether snowflakes were slowly drifting across the window, he could not remember. But he could very easily descry—in a vague spectral fashion could even again become—the small boy of six or seven as he then was. He was sitting up in bed, his wits still fringed with dream, and in the folds of his counterpane lay an orange, a red-cheeked apple, a threepenny-bit, and a limp stocking that had well served Santa Claus' purpose. It was not, however, the orange or the apple or the threepenny-bit that incarnadined the occasion, but a *book*: a limp, broad picture-book, printed in bold type, with half-a-dozen or so full-page plates in the primary colours—Gulliver, pinned down by lank strands of his hair and being dragged along by a team of carthorses, fifty strong, on a vast shallow dray with wheels like reels of cotton. . . . *Gulliver's Travels*, then, was that small boy's first rememberable book.

It is part of this poet's innate humour to analyse and hearken to the world with the delighted wonder of a child: a child who

Specially photographed for "TH



is entranced by things minute and delicate; song, stone, flower, sound, grass, beast and bird: even though he must needs portray that wonder, that delight, with the lingering melancholy and touch of sadness that comes to a man. His uncanny word magic, his gaze, his ear have enriched our minds . . . the clashing plough-team, the inky rook, the nettles sour and lush, the snow-pulped kernel of the palm-nut, the knife-winged birds, the raven's stagnant eyes, the clank of the chaffinch; and how we stir from our thoughts when the " trumps fee-faugh defiance " and " the storm cock bugles his *qui vive*." Of all poets Walter de la Mare holds us with a word.

It is inevitable in discussing de la Mare to speak of his technique, because it is the first thing that impinges on the reader's attention. His life has been a very individual dream composed of diverse and incongruous elements. There is no wantonness in his poetry, cleanly or otherwise; his work is almost completely devoid of eroticism. Even when he touches an erotic theme at second hand, as in his poems on Ophelia and Imogen, the heart is sterilised, the image cold and glassy. There is no living poet in English, or any other language, with whom he can be compared. His work is unique. It leads the reader like will-o'-the-wisp until he reaches the silent silver lights and darks undreamed of which pervade his poetry; the two worlds, one actual, the other spun of dream, in both of which de la Mare lives and moves as a native; and the third world of childhood so reminiscent of Alice's Wonderland garden.

Oliver Elton once wrote of Herrick: " A stormy age is incomplete without at least one artist who sits by himself and cares only for his craft." It is a thought which we may reserve for Walter de la Mare. As a poet he has ripened to flowering summer, and deepest autumn, yet even in the fading sunset the roses are still rich. Not once in thirty volumes of poetry and grace, matchless since earlier generations, has he lost the intensity of enchanted loveliness.

What lovely things
Thy hands hath made . . .

...ETCH" by Harold White.

This Is Well Worth Doing

A Harley Street for Dogs

A VISIT TO ONE OF THE SPECIALIST CENTRES WHERE THE ANIMAL HEALTH TRUST DOES PIONEER WORK IN FIGHTING CANINE DISEASES

THE very geography of the Canine Research Station at Kennett is confusing. Observe the address: "The Canine Research Station of the Animal Health Trust, Kennett, Suffolk." What could be simpler? But try to ring them up, and the Exchange is at Kentford; try to approach them by road and the village is Moulton. Even the border is confused; the boundary between Cambridge and Suffolk runs through the village on which the Station is based; the Station itself is in Suffolk, the pub in Cambridge, so you may imagine the divided lives that the staff lead there.

Once upon a time, a horse nearly bit my hand off when I was offering it a lump of sugar; it was a short-sighted animal, with an unduly sweet tooth. So, when it was suggested that I should visit one of the Research Stations run by the Animal Health Trust, I opted for dogs. The Trust (an organisation of which the Duke of Norfolk is President, the Duke of Beaufort Honorary Treasurer, and Mr. J. Arthur Rank, who has made many donations of equipment, a celebrated member) has four Stations concerned with research into the diseases that afflict animals, and the Canine Research Station is at Kennett. Its buildings were once a stud. Then they were requisitioned by the R.E.M.E., and devastated in a cheerful military fashion. The Unit's first task, when it started five years ago, was to tidy up, build and adapt; many of the fiddling jobs were done by its own members, and you might once have enjoyed the sight of distinguished scientific gentlemen whitewashing their own walls. Even now, though the buildings are complete, there is a shortage of living accommodation. The Unit's bio-chemist, an attractive, fair-haired lady in a white coat, lives in an elderly Romany caravan, its wheels picked out in blue.

This is to anticipate, however. I was shown first into the Director's office, where an impressive wall chart detailed the infections of man communicable by animals; there are 78. Haverhill Fever, which you can get by rat-bite or from milk, was my favourite. The Director passed me the chocolate biscuits, and poured me a cup of tea. "No milk, thanks," I said.

While I nibbled at biscuits, the Director told me something of the work of the Trust. It is financed in part by the Dog Industry (*i.e.*, the National Greyhound Society and the Breeders of Police Dogs, Sheepdogs, and the like), in part by the Kennel Club, and in part by the individual subscriptions of dog-owners, made directly to the Animal Health Trust: "If every pet-dog-owner gave a bob a year," said the Director cheerfully, "we shouldn't need to worry." What would these bobs be doing, I wanted to know. The answer, it seems, lies mainly in preventative medicine. The first job of work done by the Unit on night blindness in Red Irish Setters has resulted, through legislation by the Kennel Club, in almost ending this condition, which, the Unit discovered, is a hereditary recessive factor.

Night Blindness: The Unit began with a piece of research on night blindness in Red Irish Setters.

First Aid: The Canine Research Station's Consultant Service at work.

Since then, the Unit's chief work has been on the virus diseases; distemper complex and canine virus hepatitis cause the greatest mortality among canine diseases, and it was felt that a start should be made on them. Although the staff—a Virologist, a Bio-Chemist, a Pathologist and a Bacteriologist—work as a team, each is encouraged to go on with projects of his own within the ambit of the programme. Material comes in to Kennett from all over the country, and there is considerable liaison with researchers on kindred diseases in human beings, particularly polio. "The fundamental study of viruses is the same," the Director said. "For most of the work we do here, we find an opposite number in man."

I shall not attempt to describe my trip around the laboratories. I looked through many microscopes (it seemed), saw the same pattern in each, and was reminded of James Thurber's experience in consistently seeing only his own eye. Most of the patterns on the slides looked like cheese; "There! Do you see it?" someone would say. "A *very* fine culture!" But I was greatly interested in Kennett's use of tissue cultures—pieces of tissue kept artificially alive for purposes of experiment, so as to avoid the use of living animals. In Cambridge, I was told, a piece of brain has been kept alive for twenty years.

I was interested, too, in Kennett's Diagnostic and Consultant Services—as one might say, the dogs' Harley Street aspect of the establishment. The Unit's services are available to all members of the Animal Health Trust (subscription: a guinea a year), though the request for them must, of course, be made through a vet. acquainted with the case. Both these services are growing rapidly, and will soon need extra help.

The Unit's main work, however, will always be of research. If distemper, so often the terror of dog-owners, can be conquered, it will be a considerable step in the history of veterinary medicine; a considerable relief, I am sure, to many of our readers. It is likely to be a long and difficult piece of work, but no one can doubt that it is well worth doing.

JOHN BOWEN.

L'AVERSE : by Paul Sérusier.

LA PLACE CLICHY : by Pierre Bonnard.

LA REVUE BLANCHE, PORTRAIT DE MISIA : by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.

LA BAIGNADE : by Félix Vallotton.

LA COUTURE : by Edouard Vuillard.

"Paris in the Nineties"

The Wildenstein Galleries, 147, New Bond Street, are showing a collection of work by thirteen Parisian artists of the 1890's, when time and place seemed to conspire to throw up talent. In 1890, Lautrec was twenty-six, Bonnard twenty-three, Vuillard twenty-two ; Sérusier had just met Gauguin in Brittany and was highly excited by his work. The youth and enthusiasm of sixty years ago comes as freshly from the canvas to-day as then. The exhibition continues until June 23rd.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

Snag-Hunters' Paradise

M.I.R.A. PROVING-GROUND : Each of the "waves" in this stretch of track is 40 ft. long, with a total height from crest to trough of 5 ins. : many vehicles become "airborne" on the third wave at about 37 to 40 m.p.h.

ON Friday, May 21st, the Minister of Transport, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, opened a new research establishment at Lindley. The name "Lindley" means a good deal to a good many people engaged in the motor industry, for on this one-time airfield the Motor Industry Research Association have built an establishment of which they may be proud. Within the industry it is usually referred to simply as "Lindley" or M.I.R.A.

This is surely one of the best examples of close co-operation by the constituent members of a particular industry. Keen rivals as they may be in the markets of the world, they are shrewd enough to combine over long-term research projects for the common good. And, I may add, for the good of us motorists as well.

There are 900 members of this Association, all paying according to size towards the cost of Lindley, with an added grant from Government sources.

It was in 1949 that a start was made at this disused ex-R.A.F. aerodrome. I remember being there at the "opening." Little more than airfield runways, with workshops in tin sheds, and some facilities for testing special aspects, Lindley was opened by Mr. Leonard Lord. In true scientific fashion, the experts had rigged up a tape across the track—but not to be cut with scissors. Mr. Lord had a switch to press which caused a minor explosion in the tape, and it was open! Since that day, the very fine new laboratories have been built and the former smaller labs. at Brentford closed down. The proving-ground has been elaborated, immensely. A high-speed test track has been built which is super-elevated ("banked on corners" for the uninitiated), and which permits high-speed testing with lap speeds well over the 100 miles an hour. It is, by the way, quite a thrilling experience to be driven fast round that track with sky and tree-tops peeling over and whisking by in amazing fashion. And the design is such that one has not to steer round the corners: the banking takes one round. "Hands off" at over 90 is exciting, believe me, for the inexperienced passenger.

The proving-ground would provide enough interesting material for several pages of these notes, so I must limit myself to examples. There is the *pavé* track. This is constructed exactly to reproduce the worst stretches of Belgian granite block road. With miles of this to use, cars and lorries are tested at speed. It started out as a suspension test (which has had remarkable results as we know), but is now used for "accelerated endurance"; cars, lorries and buses, too, driven as hard as possible, cover 1000 miles under these appalling conditions.

One other item of the proving-ground equipment is the timing gear. Electronic in operation, it times vehicles to within 100,000th part of a second! Fantastic, isn't it?

The laboratories are splendid and are making an increasing contribution to knowledge. This takes several forms but it results in better use of materials, longer life for your car and even a saving in cost due to fresh know-how in the field of metallurgy.

Let me select as an example the visibility rig. A car is placed before a large semi-circular wall of paper, ruled off in squares. Two lights are placed in the car in the position of the average driver's eyes. Thus, shadows are cast on this ruled paper to indicate what would be blind-spots. From this a perfect record of the visibility from the car can be plotted. It provides a means of measuring visibility, and thus of improving it, both forwards and backwards, too. That is something that directly affects us all as drivers.

Of course, very many car-makers have research departments of their own, some very large and well-equipped. They do a great deal on their own. But Lindley provides a super research service on the more basic problems and road proving facilities beyond most manufacturers' reach.

One must pay tribute to the foresight within the industry which has brought this fine establishment into being. It has already proved of immense benefit, and made a considerable contribution to car design, which, in turn, has fitted our cars better for the overseas markets. We at home benefit in so many ways, of course, not the least being that of lower prices consequent upon the larger production necessary to supply the world. So congratulations to all concerned and good luck to M.I.R.A. in its valuable work!

CURRENT TOPICS

The Morris Oxford

WELCOME to the new Morris *Oxford* Series II. Just released all over the world, this new car takes its place in the Morris catalogue. Styled rather like a grown-up *Minor*, it follows its little brother (or should it be sister?) in several respects. Not least is its splendid road holding and cornering quality. The *Minor* is famed for this attribute, of course, and the *Oxford* will do the same. But that is far from being all, and later, when opportunity presents, these notes will report more fully. But its lively road performance, corner-ability and very pleasing lines justify this prologue.

Sign-Posting in Leicester

EVER tried Leicester for sign-posts? That city presents just about the best example of chaos in this respect that I know in the Midlands. Signs there are—Yes, in plenty. But the authorities have done their best to put them on as many different posts as possible. You will find many on the other side of the crossing, after you've taken the wrong road in simple hope. Some are twisted round so that you cannot see them at all until, in desperation, you have actually entered the road they indicate. I wondered, as I battled with them, how many accidents are caused by people suddenly changing direction upon spotting so belatedly the sign they seek. Would it be too much trouble for someone to sort them out and give strangers a chance? And those on the detour around the city centre could do with a special thought.

Newbury last time; Leicester now. Where next, I wonder? If only I could find a good one to praise!

Aintree

THE new motor racing circuit at Aintree is perhaps the best of all in terms of public facilities. With the B.A.R.C. providing the programme, the whole thing becomes one of the high-spots of motor racing. The Northern Counties have waited long for such spectacles, and now, with Aintree and Oulton, they are well catered for indeed.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Armed for an English Summer!

It has now become fashionable to scorn the "cardigan," but it has certainly become a necessity in the wardrobe of every Englishwoman, and we can now break away from the old, severe classic lines to a wide variety of new styles. What could be more charming with a summer skirt or over a cotton dress than this short-sleeved sweater, buttoning high to the neck, with a neat draw-string finish? By Ballantyne, in cashmere in many delightful pastel shades. Price about 8 gns., from Debenham and Freebody.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

OUR FASHION

Armed for an

NO further comment is needed on the vagaries of our English summer weather, and this present year seems to have been a record one for unseasonable weather. So much so that the shops have been selling big coats when they should have been selling cotton frocks, suits when coats should have been in demand, and *vice versa.*

The only way to cope with our English summer is to forget the long days of unbroken sunshine

Above : Informal, for a day that is bright and sunny, but not over-warm, we show a straight-lined, knitted dress with brass buttons and a tie-belt. In black, navy, white or off-white, price 12 gns., from Jaeger, Regent Street and Sloane Street. The white straw "Town and Country" hat, with black velvet ribbon, price 6 gns., by Hugh Beresford, from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

Right : A day in town, cool to begin with, but warm in the afternoon. Ideal wear is this soft suit, with a fitting, collarless jacket in a fine black-and-white bouclé mixture, with a straight black skirt. By Marcus, approximately 23½ gns., from Violet Yorke, Baker Street, and McDonalds, Glasgow. Hugh Beresford's "Town and Country" white straw hat, fruit-trimmed, price 6 gns., from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

PORTFOLIO (continued)

English Summer!

that we imagine we remember from our childhood, and face up to the fact that this summer it will probably be mostly grey and chilly ; that it will rain a good deal ; that when the sun shines it will be far too hot ; and that whatever the weather does, we shall be displeased with it.

Plan your wardrobe accordingly, buy a new umbrella, study the weather forecasts, and then—hope for the best.

Above : The ideal summer day arrives at last, and the ideal dress to wear is a blue linen sun-dress, embroidered in white. Beautifully cut, on princess lines, with slit pockets and shoulder-straps and a tiny matching bolero. By Lady in Black, price about 13 gns., from Bourne and Hollingsworth. The T-strap sandals, in many shades, are by Lehany, 8 gns., from Lotus, New Bond Street.

Left : The day is cool, or it is evening after sun-down, and you need a coat. Choose this gay, mohair-and-wool, wrap-over coat, deep-cuffed, in a lovely shade of deep pink, or in white and other pastel colours. Price 19 gns., from Aquascutum, Regent Street. Worn with Beresford's "Town and Country" tiny white boater, pink-ribbon trimmed, 59s. 6d., from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Here is an attractive two-piece, tailored and trim, for a day by the sea. There is a sleeveless play-suit, with a casual shirt-collar, and a matching skirt, to make up a useful dress. Both play-suit and skirt button down the front and are belted, and the shorts are comfortable and well-fitting. In white, polished waffle cotton, with a gay geometrical design, price £4 15s., from John Barker. The straw cone hat, 23s. 11d., comes from Liberty, and the raffia sandals, fruit-trimmed, 39s. 11d., from Lotus.

Horrockses

Wedding Bells

SCHREIBER—GULL : At St. Mary's, Morden, Dorset, on May 13th. The bride, Miss Rosemary Gull, of West Morden House, Wareham, daughter of the late Sir Cameron and Lady Gull, leaving the church with her husband, Major Richard Schreiber, of Campsea Ashe House, Woodbridge, son of the late Captain and the Hon. Mrs. C. S. Schreiber.

REEVE—TEMPLE-RICHARDS : At St. George's, Hanover Square, on April 10th : Mr. Patrick Reeve, of Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, and Miss Mary Temple-Richards, of Hindringham Hall, Norfolk.

LINDSAY-WATSON—BERKELEY : At St. Simon's Zelotes Church, Cadogan Square, on April 3rd : Mr. M. Lindsay-Watson, of Castle Douglas, and Miss F. P. Berkeley, of Williams Mews, S.W.1.

Correction : We regret the unfortunate error which occurred in our last issue, when the wedding of Mr. Lindsay-Watson to Miss Berkeley was wrongly described as that of Mr. Reeve to Miss Temple-Richards.

FAULKNER—HALFORD : At Romney Abbey, Hampshire, on May 15th : Mr. Denis Faulkner, younger son of Major and Mrs. Hamlyn G. Faulkner, of Tanganyika Territory, and Helen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil F. Halford.

PARTRIDGE—CUST : At St. Wulfram's, Grantham, on May 15th : John Arthur, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Partridge, of 18, Brompton Square, S.W.3, and the Hon. Caroline Cust, daughter of Lord Brownlow and the late Lady Brownlow, of Belton House, Grantham.

BLAKISTON—PURCELL JEANS : At St. Columba's, Pont Street, Chelsea, on May 18th : Sir Arthur Blakiston, of Seavington St. Mary, Somerset, and Miss Ann Purcell, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Purcell Jeans, of Cortington Grange, Warminster.

PHILLIPS—WITHERS-LANCASHIRE : At St. Phillip's, Norbury, on May 17th : Mr. Rex Phillips and his bride, Miss Tina Withers-Lancashire, cutting their cake together after the wedding ceremony in the church the bride has attended all her life.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

THIS year we are all set to try out a new method of protecting our few but precious strawberry plants. We are going to use *Strawbmats*, which have been recommended to us by a keen and successful gardener. These are flat, open-centred straw mats which can be fitted round the plants like collars. Although rain can run through them, as they are loosely-woven, the sun is prevented from evaporating the moisture round the roots of the plants. The fruit, protected from slugs, grit and earth, grows above the mat, which absorbs and reflects the sun's warmth under the fruit. The strawberries are considerably easier to gather than when bedded on loose straw, and are free from mud and dirt. It is not too late to try out the *Strawbmats* this year; and after the harvest they can be collected and kept for other seasons. The makers strongly advise that the mats be soaked in some protective solution—such as saline—before use. The mats are available in four sizes: Minor, 10–12 ins. sq.; Large Minor, 15–18 ins. sq.; Small Major, 18–21 ins. sq.; and Major, 24 ins. sq.

* * *

Having on a number of occasions forgotten to put a bottle of milk into the picnic basket, bringing suffering on the family and myself in consequence, I welcome a new vacuum flask which has a separate container for milk. The flask itself is handsome-looking, and has a polythene stopper instead of the usual cork. The milk bottle fits into a neat container, which unscrews from the base of the flask. Another good point about this vacuum flask is that all the breakable parts can be replaced—from the cap of the milk bottle to the glass refill and the plastic cup which fits over the top.

* * *

I was thinking the other day that school slang is perhaps more indicative of a generation than almost anything else. How old-fashioned we thought our parents' expressions were—not worthy of the name of slang; and our own "lousies" and "supers" are just as contemptible now to our children, who live, poor dears, in an "absolutely supersonic" or "atomic" age. Well, the manufacturers of my next find are bang-on, I suppose, in describing their amazing gas wand as "the sensational atomic gas-lighter." Atomic or not, it is extremely effective and useful in the kitchen and it is claimed that, barring accidents or abuse, it "lasts indefinitely." This lighter contains neither battery nor flint—you merely hold it over a gas burner, turn on the tap and the gas instantly lights itself. The wand seems strongly made and is 9 ins. long, but I wish, in my simplicity, that it was called "magic" and not "atomic."

* * *

Polythene comes to the kitchen in yet another useful rôle—this time in the shape of a colander which is practically indestructible, light and easy to clean. Manufacturers are still turning their attention to milk-bottle tops with useful results. A new pourer-top, also made of Polythene, fits standard milk bottles and can be fixed on over the foil cover which it pierces neatly. The pourer is moved to the open position when the milk is needed, and closed when the bottle is left in the larder or refrigerator. This pourer can be adapted for other uses: it would be invaluable in the garage for topping-up car batteries.

* * *

People sometimes hesitate about having wallpaper in their houses, particularly if they have young children, because they fear that it will get shabby far too quickly. But now wallpaper and distemper can be protected with an invisible film which prevents oil, grease and dirt from soaking into it. This liquid, which is called *Fend*, can be easily and speedily applied either with a brush or a spray. It dries in two to three hours and makes practically no change in the appearance of most wallpapers and distempers. *Fend* should be allowed a few days to settle in; then any dirty marks can be sponged off it. The makers recommend the use of slightly soapy water for cleaning, but not strong detergents. Oil and grease stains should first be removed with a soft, dry rag and then sponged with turpentine substitute, or lighter fuel. *Fend* is sold in a tin which contains enough to cover about 260 square feet, or a room approximately 10 by 12 ft.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

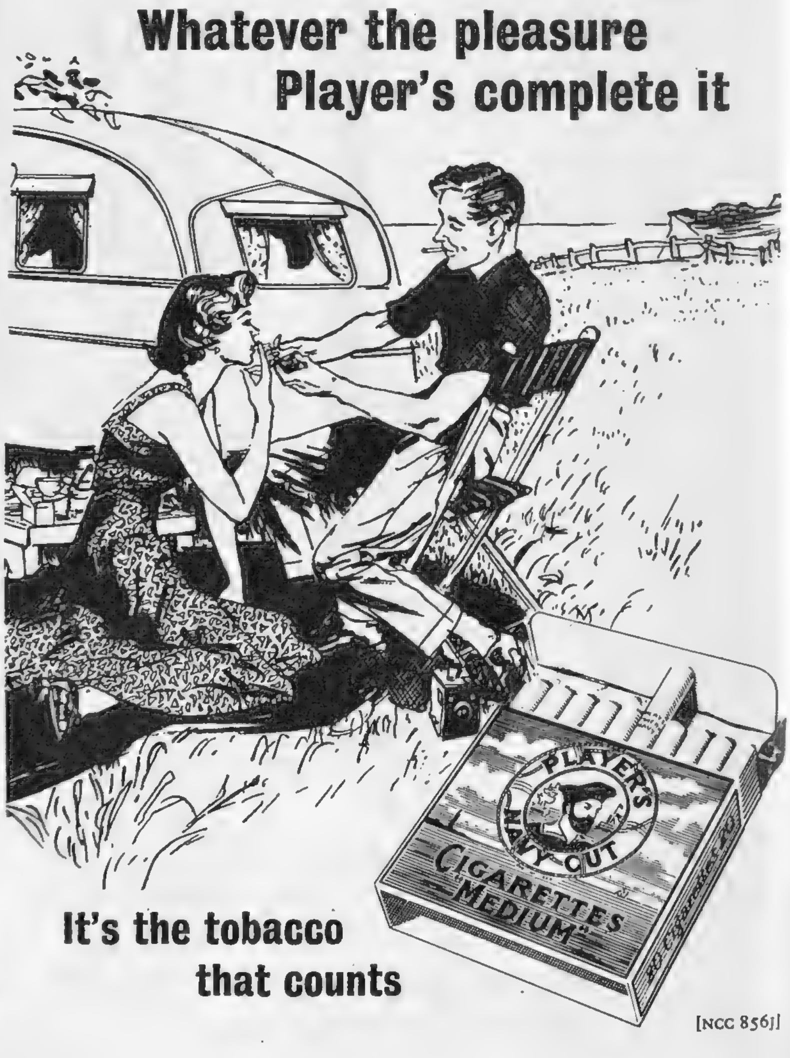
Strawbmats: prices vary according to size and quantity, ranging from approximately 9d. or 1s. each to 2s. or 2s. 6d.; The Strawberry Protection Co., 228, Strand, London, W.C.2, and at Lanivet, Bodmin, Cornwall.

Vacco Flask with milk container: 7s. 6d.; John Lewis, Barkers.

Atomic Gas Wand: 8s. 9d.; John Lewis, Selfridges.

Polythene colander: 6s. 6d.; milk-bottle pourer: 1s. 4d.; Selfridges.

Fend wallpaper protector: 5s. a tin; Selfridges.



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One way of saying it

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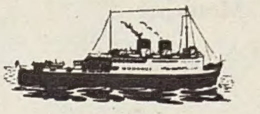

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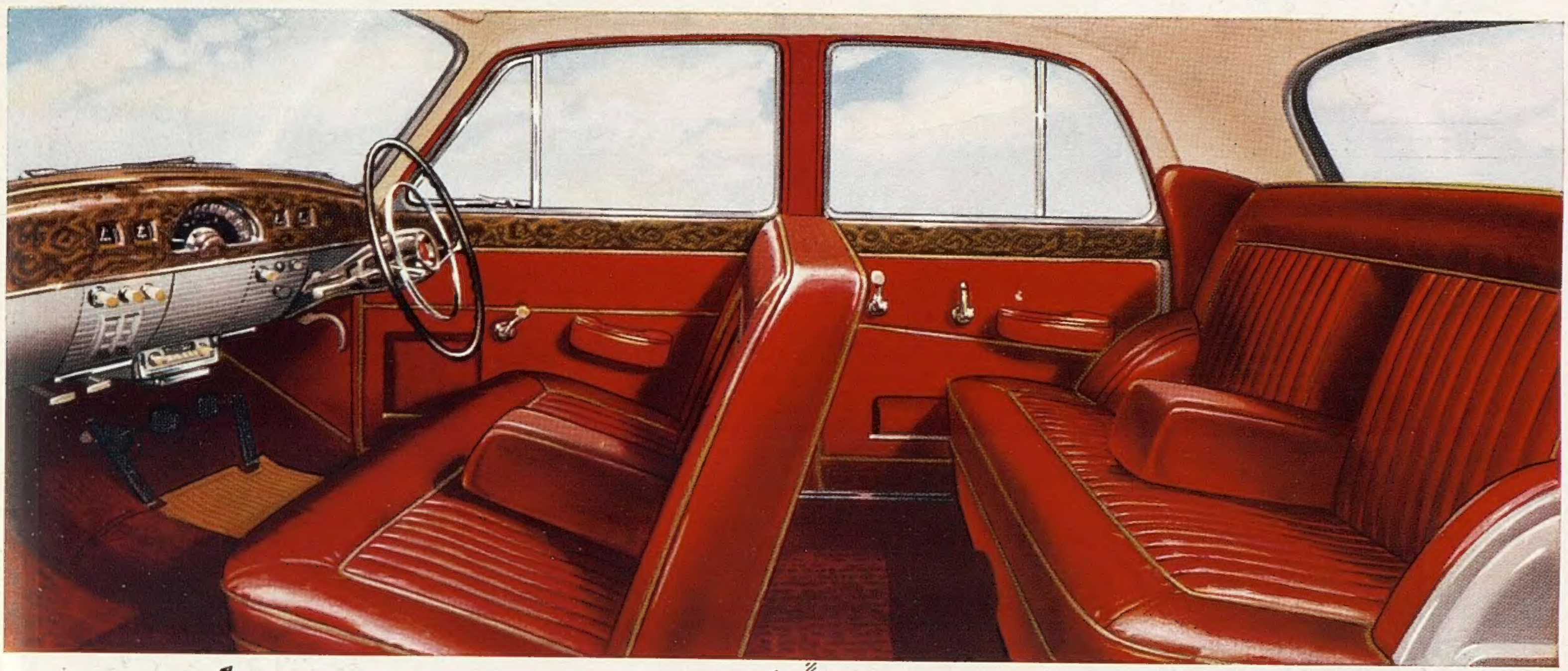

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EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

"ARGENT, a double-headed Eagle displayed Gules, beaked and legged Azure". Illustrated within the contemporary illuminated border are the Arms confirmed to John Milton's father, John the Elder, by Sir William Segar, Garter King of Arms, together with the Grant of a Crest.

Milton received his M.A. at Cambridge in 1625. He joined the attacks on the established Church from 1641 but did not join the Army, although strongly pro-Parliamentary.

From 1649 until the Restoration he was Latin Secretary of the New Council of State. During this period he lost his sight and remained totally blind until he died in 1674. Milton's great works are known to everybody—"Paradise Lost", "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes". But apart from these he wrote a prodigious number of pamphlets, short poems, sonnets, prose and masques.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.

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